



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

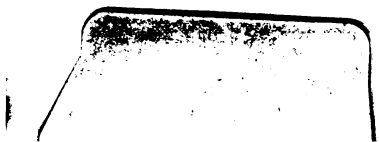
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07493029 2



NCW
Bridges

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK - NOTE.

VOL. IV.

3442



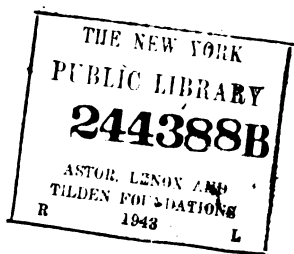
THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK - NOTE.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.

— *Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

VIRG. ÆN.

When I've held up a proper number
Of fools and knaves, and such-like lumber,
To public view, and public scorn,
Contented I'll to dust return.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-street,
Covent-garden. 1771.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK - NOTE.

CHAP. I.

The unfortunate captain.

Meyers 26 May 1943 - 4 Vol

AFTER being soak'd for two days in the corner of a butcher's greasy pocket, and passing two evenings in a room no bigger than a ship's cabin, with twenty people smoaking in it, I was delivered into the hands of a Smithfield salesman, for fat sheep; with him I drank six
VOL. IV. B bowls

bowls of punch at the Grey-hound, in about four hours ; then was given to a country farmer, who, the next morning, carried me to a gentleman of fortune. This gentleman, for shortness, I shall call Mr. Derbyshire, though his real name is a monosyllable. With this Mr. Derbyshire did I pass many a merry hour ; his heart was as light as a feather, and the natural benevolence that surrounded it, kept it always chearful ; neither envy, hatred, or malice, ever approached within gun-shot of it.

As he was chatting with a friend one evening on a bench at Ranelagh, and making remarks on the curious figures that kept continually passing by, the most contemptible of which seemed to be most in its own good

good graces, they spied an agreeable, genteel, fashionable woman, gallanted by the strangest figure of a moveable that had ever made its appearance, either in that or any other bread-and-butter-meeting, since the first invention of hot rolls; his face was so sun-burnt, that it was difficult to distinguish whether it or his hat was the brownest; his beard, indeed, which was a week long, and jet black, proved so fine a foil to his face, by making it appear a shade fairer than it really was, that the poor hat had not fair play; but, in my opinion, it still had the brighter complexion of the two: it was covered with a lace an inch and an half broad, which had formerly been silver, but time, and the damp of sea-water, had made it blacker than the hat itself; to pre-

serve a proper medium of light and shade, under this hat, and down each side of this face, the captain wore a long milk-white Adonis, with about two pound of hair in it; his coat was of a superfine white cloth, with sleeves turned up as high as his elbows; the waist was not above a foot, though the skirts were three quarters of a yard long; his shoes buckled at the toes with a plain silver buckle that weighed at least six ounces; he likewise wore a brass-hilted hanger, which, instead of dangling by his side, seemed to be stuck through the waistband of his breeches. As he passed by the two friends, the croud meeting them pretty thick, they heard him say, "Avast
 "heaving, cousin Lovely, we shall
 "never be able to ply up to wind-
 "ward; my advice, therefore, look
 "you

“ you do you see, is, to tack about,
 “ and bear away, because so be it may
 “ happen, you may get your standing
 “ rigging damaged, or your carved
 “ work crushed by the heavy laden
 “ colliers that are running down to
 “ leeward.” The lady smiled, and said
 “ What you please, captain :” on
 which they tacked about and bore
 away. “ Lord !” says my owner,
 “ can no body tell me who that
 “ strange fish is, and how he came in-
 “ to the company of that comely wo-
 “ man ?” “ I can have the pleasure
 “ of satisfying your curiosity,” re-
 plies his friend, “ for I am intimate
 “ with both that agreeable lady and
 “ her husband, who is here himself ;
 “ but he has left them, because he
 “ knows he cannot give her greater
 “ pleasure than to be gallanted by

“the captain: his uncommon remarks
 “and the uncouth manner of ex-
 “pressing them are always a high
 “treat to her.”

“You must know, that the captain
 “is commander of a large ship that
 “trades to the coast of Africa for
 “slaves, from whence he has fetched
 “his copper complexion; he has been
 “at sea ever since he was seven years
 “old, with such short intervals on
 “shore, that he knows as little of
 “land-matters as any of his brother
 “inhabitants of the great deep; he is
 “first cousin to this lady’s husband,
 “who was bred up to the law, but,
 “getting a large fortune with her,
 “and having no children, he has left
 “the roguery of that profession to
 “those that chuse it, and lives with
 “her

“ her very happily on their income.
 “ The manner of the captain’s first in-
 “ troducing himself into her acquaint-
 “ tance, I fancy, she wont easily for-
 “ get.”

“ About five years ago, after
 “ captain Copper-phiz had made his
 “ first voyage, wherein he had been
 “ very successful, hearing that his
 “ cousin had married well, he resolv-
 “ ed to pay him a visit; on which
 “ he ordered a Wapping taylor to
 “ equip him with a new suit; the
 “ taylor not only undertook to per-
 “ form his own part towards equip-
 “ ping him out, but recommended a
 “ Wapponian to go with him to
 “ match his clothes; and so they
 “ wig: on the way, the Wapponian
 “ out, they all

“cabbia; the taylor brought the ve-
 “ry fuit you see him have on now;
 “the hatter the very hat; but the
 “barber, who proved to be an old
 “Frenchman, did not bring that
 “wig; he had by him an apotheca-
 “ry’s short white bob, made for his
 “own hair, to comb over the front,
 “this he told the captain was the tip-
 “top fashjon, and accordingly, in
 “pruning his black locks, reserved a
 “fine border in front, to comb over
 “his curious white wig, which every
 “body must conceive, matched as
 “well as a dark bay, and a cream-
 “coloured horse; however, after
 “shaving his beard closer than ever
 “it had been since it made its first
 “appearance on his chin, and scowr-
 “ing his face with his washball clean-
 “er than the five foregoing summer
 “suns

“funs had ever seen it, with the help
 “ of powder and pomatum he made
 “ the black hairs agree with the white
 “ ones much better than could be ex-
 “ pected, and sent the captain out a
 “ complete Wapponian beau.

“ On his arrival at the house, he
 “ asked the footman for his cousin
 “ Lovely; the servant told him his
 “ master was expected home every
 “ moment to dinner, but his mistress
 “ was above stairs: “ That will do very
 “ well,” says the tar, “ I went to see
 “ madam.” Upon which the footman
 “ conducted him into a neat little
 “ parlour, where, when they had no
 “ company, this happy couple al-
 “ ways dined. The table cloth was
 “ spread for dinner, in the center of
 “ which stood a neat little pyramid of
 “ jellies

“ the ground together. The captain
 “ then thought the devil must be in
 “ the house, where a man could not
 “ move without doing mischief, and
 “ was standing in amaze, wishing
 “ himself at sea in a storm, when in
 “ came the lady, who, beholding
 “ such a strange scene, naturally
 “ thought the keeper of bedlam had
 “ given a day-rule to one of the co-
 “ legians to come and plague her;
 “ and the uncommon figure, and
 “ strange wild looks of the salt-water
 “ animal, quite confirmed her in her
 “ suspicion; this struck her as dumb
 “ as the captain, and produced a silent
 “ scene of astonishment far beyond
 “ the power of description.

“ Had Mr. Garrick himself been
 “ there, he would have frankly own-
 “ ed,

“ed, that amazing fine attitude of
 “his in Romeo and Juliet, which so
 “much exceeds every thing the world
 “ever saw before, or perhaps ever
 “will again, is no more to be com-
 “pared to the captain’s astonished
 “phiz, than a two-penny lobster to
 “a Greenland whale.”

“The lady not daring to take her
 “eyes off the gazing captain, for fear
 “he should make a spring at her,
 “he in return stared with all his
 “might at her ; at last (however im-
 “probable the ladies may think it,)
 “the captain found his tongue first,
 “and began thus: “Cousin,” says
 “he ; cousin ! thinks she ; aye this
 “must be a cousin Tom sure enough ;
 “upon which, squinting to the door,
 “which was luckily left open, she
 “whipped

“ whipped out, and, drawing it after
 “ her, turned the key for fear
 “ cousin Tom should follow her;
 “ then running up stairs, summoned
 “ the servants to know who let that
 “ madman in; the footman proved
 “ the culprit, at whom she let drive
 “ tooth and nail for not knowing a
 “ madman; “ Lord! madam,” says
 “ the fellow very innocently, “they say
 “ half of the men and women in town
 “ are mad, so how can I know them
 “ all; besides, he asked for his cousin.

“ Why, blockhead!” says madam,
 “ ten times more angry at this speech
 “ than ever, “ all the mad folks in
 “ bedlam are cousin Toms and cou-
 “ sin Bettrys; why the man told
 “ you at first he was a madmen, and
 “ still you must let him in; but go and
 “ get

" get him out again as fast as you
 " can." The footman, who had no
 " great stomach to encounter any
 " man, much less a madman, who,
 " as Joe Miller informs you, is as
 " strong as two men, because he is
 " a man beside himself, went and first
 " opened the street-door, then the
 " dining-room door, hoping the mad-
 " man, like a wild cat, or strange
 " dog, would be glad to make his
 " escape after his mischief, but he
 " himself, retreated to the foot of
 " the stair-case, to be ready to mount
 " in case the captain took a wrong
 " turn, and came further into the
 " house, when, luckily, in came the
 " master. He was astonished to see
 " both the street and dining-room
 " doors open, and the footman stand-
 " ing centinel at the stair-foot, but
 " much

" much more so, when he perceived
 " the servant beckoning him to come
 " forward ; " What the devil can be
 " the matter with the fellow ? " quoth
 " he : instantly a voice within the room
 " answers, " Upon my soul it was
 " none of my fault." On which the
 " footman, seeing his master going to
 " the dining-room, runs to stop him,
 " crying, " Pray, Sir, don't go into the
 " dining-room, there is a madman
 " in it." The captain, seeing it was his
 " cousin, nimbly advanced, and,
 " shaking his stick at the footman,
 " says, " You lye, you son of a land-
 " lubber ; it is you fresh water var-
 " ment that run mad, and not honest
 " seamen." Then, shaking his cousin
 " by the hand, who recollected him
 " by his voice, else would never have
 " guessed who he was, they both en-
 " tered

"tered the dining-room; on seeing
 "such destruction, the master of the
 "house was going to ring, to know
 "what was the matter, when the ho-
 "nest captain told him it was all his
 "own doing. "Which way, for
 "God's sake," says his kinsman; "I
 "can hardly tell myself," says the
 "captain: "I have been taken short
 "in a gale at sea many and many a
 "time of my life, but such a sudden
 "squall as this I never met with; for
 "before I had time to hand a top-
 "sail, or even take in a reef, the ship
 "was laid on her broadside, and all
 "this mischief done." He then told
 "him the whole affair so comically in
 "the sea dialect, that his cousin en-
 "joyed it beyond measure; and,
 "without regarding his loss, laughed
 "most immoderately. Now Ma-
 Vol. IV. C "dam,

“ dam, who had locked the drawing-
 “ room door above stairs, and resolv-
 “ ed to keep it so till the madman
 “ was gone, hearing this uncommon
 “ noise through the key-hole, rung
 “ the bell to know the reason; the
 “ footman told her his master was
 “ come in, and seemed to be as mad
 “ as the mad cousin, for they were
 “ laughing till they made all ring
 “ again : Madam could not conceive
 “ which way her husband could, all
 “ of a sudden, become so merry at
 “ his loss; but, female curiosity get-
 “ ting the better of her fears, she
 “ e’en opened the door, and went
 “ down to see her husband. As he
 “ never enjoyed any pleasure so well
 “ as when she shared it with him, he
 “ begged the captain to tell the story
 “ over again : she was a woman of
 “ quick,

“ quick conception, and enjoyed it
 “ to the full as much as her husband :
 “ the open sincerity of our tar’s heart
 “ could not escape her penetration ;
 “ she saw it through his artless tale,
 “ and ever since takes a pleasure in
 “ making her husband’s luckless
 “ cousin welcome, whenever his oc-
 “ cupation permits him to spend a
 “ month in town ; but he, ever since
 “ his own phiz deceived him in the
 “ glass, resolved to dress after
 “ his own fancy, swearing he
 “ would never let any jamfootering
 “ Frenchman make a baboon of him
 “ again ; which accounts for the curi-
 “ ous figure he cuts now, and I ima-
 “ gine the long flaxen Adonis is en-
 “ tirely his own choice : as for his not
 “ knowing his face in the glass, it is
 “ not much to be wondered at, be-

"cause the French barber had
 "sheared his black bristles almost a
 "day's march within the skin, and he
 "always thought himself clean shaved,
 "when he left a groupe of black
 "stumps sticking out of his chin,
 "not much above a tenth part of an
 "inch long."

C H A P. II.

Sea remarks on land animals.

AS the captain and his amiable
 cousin bore down before the
 wind, they met a spruce young gentleman
 dressed a-la-mode de puppy; his foretop
 was about nine inches high; and on each
 side of his empty pate hung two large
 curls, one very near as low

low as his shoulder, and the other above his ear, but the chazm betwixt them was so prettily frized, that, by the nicest calculation, he could not have been less than four hours under his friseur's hands : this figure was taking two or three rounds by himself, out of mere good-nature, that every body might, without interruption, see the elegance of his taste ; had he joined any body as tall as himself, either one side or the other must have been shaded, and, of consequence, some of the company been deprived of the superlative pleasure of viewing such an inimitable coxcomb. This image, although the few senses he had, were sufficiently employed in admiration of himself, yet could it not help taking notice of the captain, especially as he had so fine a woman hung on

his arm ; the copper-faced captain was even with him, for he had marked him half a cable's length before he came along-side of him ; so that the moment they met, they both stopt short as suddenly as if they had been thunder-struck ; viewing each other, at the same time, with the most sovereign contempt, each happy in his own mind, that he was not the despicable animal he was looking at.

How contemptible a figure must a man make in his own eye, would he but seriously reflect, that not only the greatest pleasures, but the greatest miseries of life, spring from such trifles as these.

What sort of remarks the beau's brains might produce, or what kind

kind of ideas the captain's figure might create there, I can't say; but as to our African trader, his remarks were as gall-less as himself. "If that fair-weather spark," says he, "keeps that top-gallant-sail set, and don't carry away his top-mast before he gets into port, I'll give you leave to keel-haul me, cousin." "You may give me leave to do that," replies Mrs. Lovely, "for I don't know what kind of a diversion it is." The words were no sooner out of her mouth, but they met lady **** powdered and painted up to the ears. "Lash me to the main-mast," says the captain, "if somebody has not put petticoats on the stern-post of a Dutch fly-boat." "Fy captain!" says his amiable cousin, "that is the famous Lady ****

“ that all the men of taste admire so.”

“ Taste !” says the captain, “ a queer

“ taste indeed : for my part, I had ra-

“ ther taste a piece of salt beef that

“ has made two voyages to the East-

“ Indies, than taste that paint and

“ putty of hers ; why, it would set the

“ chain-pump of my bowels a-going,

“ and not only bring up all my bilge-

“ water, but send my pluck over-

“ board, through the scupper-holes.”

This was heathen Greek to cousin

Lovely ; so she bottled it up, to get an

explanation from her husband ; and

only said, “ But don’t you think she

“ is a mighty genteel woman, cap-

“ tain.” “ I believe she’s a swift sai-

“ ler,” says the captain, “ because she

“ keeps company with her drag-sail

“ over-board (meaning her train,) but

“ a sudden squall, I’ve a notion,

“ would

“ would soon turn her keel upper-
 “ most, or blow all her rigging to tat-
 “ ters, and leave her as naked as a
 “ ship with bare poles standing.”

Just as he finished this speech, long
 Sir * * * * passed by them. “ Now
 “ you talk of poles,” says cousin Love-
 “ ly, “ what do you think of that
 “ stick of wood ? could you make any
 “ use of him on ship-board ? ” “ Yes,”
 “ says the captain, “ after a hard gale,
 “ he would make a very good jury-
 “ mast.—He’s very fine though, cou-
 “ sin ; but his coat, to me, seems as if
 “ it was hung on the yard-arm to dry.”
 “ To be sure,” says cousin Lovely,
 “ he is not the genteelest figure you
 “ ever saw ; but, for all that, he has
 “ cut a figure of one sort or another,
 “ in and about town, for these forty
 “ years

“ years, and upwards, and a history of
 “ his life, by an able pen, would be
 “ no bad bone for a bookseller to
 “ pick.” Say you so, thinks I, then
 why may not my bookseller pick a
 bone as well as another? he seems to
 have both teeth and stomach; now to
 write the life of this long-shank’d hero
 can’t surely require greater talents,
 than the author of the Life of the Spa-
 nish rogue possess; and, without vani-
 ty, mine I think are equal to that geni-
 us: on which I marked down this
 knight of the meagre-phiz, as a proper
 subject to begin my fifth volume with.

Curiosity would not suffer either
 my owner or his friend, to lose a
 single remark of the captain’s; so they
 followed both him and his cousin as
 near

near as they possibly could, to hear his further annotations.

The next figure that struck the captain's eye, was Miss * * *, with a cap on her head about the size of a bushel-measure. "If that was my wife," says the captain, "run me down in fifty fathom water, if I would not bleach all my old main-sails, to find rigging for her top-gallant-masts." "That lady," says his cousin Lovely, "is both a very agreeable, and very sensible woman; and yet has that strange whim, of wearing her caps like nobody else; now that other folks wear them no bigger than a crown piece, that's her standard; when other ladies increase theirs in bulk, I don't doubt but hers will be as near the size of
 " a sugar-

“a sugar-hoghead as the milliners can
“make it; but such whims in her
“are useful to trade, because she
“pays punctually.”

The next that took the captain's
eye, was the charming duchess of
A——r, to whom that line of Mil-
ton's may be properly applied.

“Grace was in all her steps,” &c. &c.

The dignity and ease with which the
duchess moved, had an instantaneous
effect on our artless captain. “Aye,
“there,” says the blunt tar, guided
by no other judgment than pure na-
ture, “there's a frigate moves so, that
“a man with half an eye may see
“her ballast has been trim'd by work-
“men.” Although bare-poles, top-
gallant-

gallant-fails, ballast, trimming, and drag-fails, were heathen Greek to Mrs. Lovely, yet the captain applied his terms so much to the purpose, that, in half a dozen more trips, I'll answer for him, he would have made a complete sailer of her : but, just then, Mr. Lovely and his friend joining them, the conversation became general, and we had no opportunity of hearing any more of the captain's oddities ; therefore contented ourselves with observing the remarks that other people made on the captain, which every man did, in the words that conveyed the strongest ideas to himself ; by which means I quickly knew the trade of each witty gentleman that chose to show off, by getting a fling at our honest tar.

C H A P. III.

Land animals returning the compliment,

A City woollen-draper, who was taking his half-crown's worth of rounds in that horse-mill, with a long sword on, says to a mercer, his companion, who was likewise a swordsman for the night, "Did you ever, George, see such a pattern as that there piece of stuff? (meaning our honest captain.)" "Faith," says the mercer, "I have been looking this three rounds, and can't make out whether his fabric is Turkey cotton, or English linsley-woolsey." Mr. Threectines the cutler, told his lady, who was hanging on his arm, "That

“That he never saw such a queer
 “blade before.” Mr. Discount, the
 banker, said, “He never set his eyes
 “on such an unnegotiable piece of
 “paper.” Mr. Quarto, the book-
 seller, said, “He never saw a man so
 “oddly bound up in his life.” Mr.
 Single-eye, the great telescope-ma-
 ker, said, “He never espied such a
 “spectacle since he first peeped
 “through a tube.” My Lady Mush-
 room declared, “She never beheld
 “such a harrabel looking fellar.” Mr.
 Pepper-box, the silver-smith, said,
 “Let him be what countryman he
 “would, he plainly perceived, he
 “wanted a great deal of refining.”
 The feller of stoves and fenders,
 “thought him very badly polished.”
 The watchmaker said, “He never
 “saw such a strange movement.” Mr.

Kneeband

Kneeband, the great taylor, who, like the rest, was a swordsman for that night, said, "He never saw a piece of work, cut so much out of the fashion." Mr. Beaver, the hatter, said, "Not only his hat, but his whole body was strangely cocked." Miss Blondlace, the milliner, said, "She was sure his face had never been clear-starched." Mr. Tripplestamp, the attorney, declared, "He never saw a piece of parchment so vilely indented." And Pinchbeck said, "He could not guess what metal he was made of." To wrap all these pithy observations neatly up, I kept wishing Mr. Foote might come by, and see our tar; because I was certain one short sentence of his, would contain more than the whole collection of these manufacturing wits put together;

together, and have turned my story into an epigram, by ending it with a point ; but, unluckily, he was not there that evening : I must, therefore, beg the favour of every reader to please himself, by substituting something of his own, in lieu of what he thinks Mr. Foote would have said. If a reader can't please himself with his own thoughts, I am sure it would be out of my power to do it ; but, *per contra*, if he can please himself, he will be much better satisfied, than if even a genuine *bon mot* from that unrivalled genius had closed my narration.

C H A P. IV.

Different kinds of motions.

I STILL continued, to my great satisfaction, to remain in the hands of Mr. Derbyshire, who carried me, and a friend, down to his seat in Surrey ; the afternoon, it being Saturday, they spent in fishing. And on Sunday morning they attended divine service. Mr. Derbyshire never failed doing that, not only from the dictates of his own good sense, but to set a proper example to his tenants, labourers, and domestic servants. They heard an excellent sermon, from a grave, reverend, plain-looking clergyman : but Mr. Derbyshire's friend
could

could not help taking notice, as they returned from church, that he must be a foreigner, by the strange twang of several words. "Yes," says Mr. Derbyshire, "he is a foreigner; for
 " he was born in a country that lies
 " west of West-Chester: he will dine
 " with us, and then you will have an
 " opportunity of conversing with a
 " downright, honest creature; that
 " has just as much learning as is
 " proper to lead a country flock, but
 " not enough to mislead them. He
 " is gone to look after his own concerns for an hour, but he knows
 " dinner-time; in the interim, I will
 " give you the history of this honest
 " Hibernian, who is the real, original inventor of that third motion of
 " the sun, which every man tells, of
 " a parson belonging to his own coun-

" try. What countryman the face-
 " tious Joe Miller makes him, I
 " can't say ; not having the honour of
 " reading that profound author since
 " I was ten years of age : but, on this
 " you may depend, that, in spite of
 " all attempts of story-tellers, to steal
 " that honour from him, my honest
 " rector is the true original motion-
 " maker. I have heard the story so
 " often from my father, that I can
 " give it you *verbatim*.

" About forty years ago, my fa-
 " ther being then a batchelor, from
 " which, as I aver my mother was an
 " honest woman, you'll naturally infer
 " I was not born ; and your inference
 " will prove just and true. My fa-
 " ther, who, for the rest of the story,
 " I shall call the 'squire, for shortness,

“ in imitation of the tenants, (who
 “ have conferred that honour from
 “ him to me,) came down to spend
 “ the Saturday afternoon, and Sun-
 “ day, as you and I have done. On
 “ his entrance into the church, he e-
 “ spied a strange uncouth figure, with
 “ long hair, that looked as if it had
 “ been well combed with his fingers,
 “ mounted behind the reading-desk,
 “ ready cocked, to give fire, the mo-
 “ ment the ’squire appeared ; and, the
 “ instant he entered the door of his
 “ pew, the reverend strange figure
 “ began, “ I will arise, and go to my
 “ father.” “ Will you !” mutters the
 “ ’squire, “ then you must go in-
 “ to Ireland ; for he can be no Eng-
 “ lishman, I’ll be sworn.” The ’squire
 “ was quite right in his conjecture ;
 “ but, for all that, Teague read the

“ prayers with such becoming decency,
 “ cy, that he pleased him greatly ; in
 “ short, when he mounted the pul-
 “ pit, the 'squire prepared himself to
 “ listen with great attention to the
 “ honest man,

“ After Teague, in the prologue
 “ used to sermons, had prayed for the
 “ king, queen, and royal family, with
 “ more sincerity than I am apt to
 “ think several former bishops ever
 “ did, he proceeded to his text, and
 “ gave out,

“ The 10th chapter of Joshua,
 “ verse 13th.

“ And the sun stood still.

“ This he repeated twice ; then,
 “ fetching up as much phlegm as he
 “ thought

“ thought would clear his lungs
 “ for the whole job, he wiped
 “ his mouth with a new handkerchief,
 “ that cost him a half thirteen in
 “ Ireland, and which had never
 “ peeped out of the paper it was
 “ wrapped in, till the minute before
 “ he mounted the reading-desk. As
 “ it was his only handkerchief, what
 “ shift he made all the way he came,
 “ some of the laborious writers of folios
 “ on probabilities and possibilities may
 “ perhaps make out, but I have no
 “ guesses; so I shall say nothing about it.

“ My beloved,” says this Teague-
 lander, “ you must understand,
 “ that before the flood, the sun had
 “ but one motion ; he used to rise in
 “ the west, and set in the east, with-
 “ out having occasion to change his

" course in the least ; but, after the
 " flood, when mankind grew almost
 " as wicked as they are now, God
 " Almighty was forced to work mi-
 " racles for them, and now and then
 " change the very motions of the sun ;
 " so that, instead of one, he got three
 " motions. First, there was his an-
 " cient progressive motion, of going
 " forward from the west to the east.
 " Thirdly, there was his retrograde
 " motion, when he went back ten
 " degrees, upon good king Hezeki-
 " ah's account. And, Secondly, and
 " lastly, there was the motion men-
 " tioned in my text :

" And the sun stood still."

" Now the sun's progressive motion
 " from the west to the east, had
 " rather

“ had rather startled the 'squire a lit-
 “ tle ; but when he came to this mo-
 “ tion of standing still, an involunta-
 “ ry motion of his muscles became
 “ too powerful for him to suppress ;
 “ therefore, being nigh the door, he
 “ suffered a progressive motion due
 “ north, to carry his body out of the
 “ church, leaving Teague to make his
 “ congregation stare at his profound
 “ learning and knowledge. When he
 “ thought Teague's sermon was finish-
 “ ed, he sent a servant to desire him
 “ to come and take a dinner with him ;
 “ which friendly invitation the honest
 “ curate made as little bones in ac-
 “ cepting, as he did in swallowing
 “ half a large plum-pudding, which
 “ the cook had made, without think-
 “ ing of any clergyman's dining
 “ there ; and, therefore, the body of
 “ black-

" black-coats don't, I hope, suspect,
 " I meant any reflection on the cloth;
 " by introducing a plum-pudding.
 " I would avoid giving offence, as
 " much as lies in my power; but
 " shan't hide the truth to please any
 " cloth.

" The 'squire had heard, before the
 " honest curate reached the Hall-
 " house, that his sermon had given
 " amazing content. When the par-
 " son came in, he made an apology
 " to him, for the sudden occasion that
 " obliged him to leave church :
 " But the loss," says he, " was mine ;
 " for I hear I missed a most excellent
 " sermon." " By St. Patrick did
 " you," says Teague, " for I never
 " took so much pains with a sermon
 " in my life, nor never will again."
 " Now

" Now Teague, being a churchman,
 " never swore by Jafus, as the lay-
 " men of that nation often do. In
 " short, the 'squire found, that his
 " rector, who had the honour to be
 " an Irishman himself, had sent for
 " this poor honest fellow, to be his
 " curate ; and, the moment he was
 " imported, had dispatched him down
 " to preach an approbation-sermon.
 " If he was liked, he was to have a
 " room in the parsonage house ;
 " twenty pounds a year, and a piece
 " of ground for potatoes. In the
 " digging, planting, hoeing, &c. of
 " which he was to the full as good a
 " hand, as in making sermons. The
 " 'squire, finding the honest Milesian
 " had an excellent heart, resolved to
 " fix him in his parish ; and told him,
 " he would answer for the parishio-
 " ners

"ners approving the rector's choice ;
 "and, to make it the more agreeable
 "to him, he would not only add five
 "guineas a-year to his salary, but, if
 "he found his piece of potatoe-
 "ground too small to keep him in
 "employ, he would give him as
 "large a piece as he could make use
 "of, so as not to interfere with his
 "sermon-making. "Arrah, my dear
 "joy," says Teague, "the more po-
 "tatoe-ground I have, the more
 "good sermons I shall make ; for my
 "best thoughts always come, when I
 "am hard digging." The 'squire be-
 "ing pretty well convinced, that
 "Teague must have dug hard for eve-
 "ry thought in his sermon, except
 "that motion of standing still, which
 "came spontaneously ; could not
 "help smiling, to see how luckily the
 "boglander

“ boglander had stumbled on the
“ truth.

“ After an hour’s further conver-
“ sation with this innocent, uncor-
“ rupted churchman, the ’squire,
“ finding a good heart, in the center
“ of a moderate capacity, looked up-
“ on him, as the properest man in the
“ kingdom, for his parish : being con-
“ vinced he would not only set a good
“ example, by his own industry, but
“ give them such discourses as would
“ never mislead them, because they
“ would seldom be able to under-
“ stand them ; he, therefore, gave
“ him his first year’s salary of five
“ guineas, in advance ; judging two
“ things might have happened : the
“ first was, that although this reve-
“ rend Paddy had rode post on foot
“ from

“ from Chester ; yet expences, even
 “ that way of travelling, might run
 “ high, in proportion to his finances;
 “ and the next was, that his rector
 “ would never think of asking him
 “ any questions about it ; but judge
 “ it sufficient, if he paid a quarter’s
 “ wages, when it was earned. Mer-
 “ lin, the conjurer of all conjurers,
 “ could not have divined better than
 “ the ’squire did, though he never
 “ studied a single line of the black
 “ art in his life.

“ Before the honest potatoe-plant-
 “ er retreated to his apartment in the
 “ parsonage-house, the ’squire told
 “ him, he would send a handsome
 “ gown and cassock from town, for
 “ him to wear on Sundays ; to keep
 “ up the proper respect that ought to
 “ be

“ be paid by the parishioners to their
 “ teacher ; then, desiring him not to
 “ trouble his head about any knotty
 “ points of religion, but to preach
 “ the golden rule to his tenants, of
 “ doing to all men as they would be
 “ done by themselves ; to love and
 “ assist each other ; mind their own
 “ concerns on the week-days, and ap-
 “ pear decently dress’d at church
 “ on Sundays ; to pay their de-
 “ votions to their Maker, and
 “ keep the Sabbath holy ; “ That, I
 “ think,” says the squire, “ is the sum
 “ of all religion.” “ By St. Patrick,”
 “ says Teague, “ and a very good
 “ sum too.” Whether the honest
 curate, by the word *good sum*, meant
 the sum of all religion, or the
 sum of five guineas, which he had
 gotten safe in his pocket, for the life
 of

of me, I never could guess; if you can, reader, you have the advantage of me; but I fear we shall never know, because the 'squire's delicacy would not let him ask the good man any questions about it, lest it should look like putting him in mind of the small sum he had given him; therefore, that matter, though a matter of such consequence to the learned world, must remain a profound secret; unless one of my sagacious readers happens, by the dint of his own superior understanding to find it out, and fix it with as much certainty as a great churchman has the Divine Legation.

“The 'squire,” says Mr. Derbyshire,
 “finding the honest parson bottled
 “up every word he said to him, as
 care-

“carefully as if it had been true
 “Irish usquebaugh, could not part
 “with him, without a word or two
 “more of advice.”

“Doctor,” says he (I call you doc-
 “tor, because I don’t design to leave
 “till I have made you one; and, adds
 “he, I don’t see any reason why an
 “honest man should not be made a
 “doctor now and then) take great
 “care how you attempt to make any
 “innovations or alterations in reli-
 “gion. I cannot better imprint in
 “your mind, the danger of making
 “innovations in religion, than by tell-
 “ing the story of an honest, well-
 “meaning parson, in Cumberland,
 “whose zeal to lead his flock a short
 “way to heaven, had like to have
 “been attended with much mischief,

“ had he not luckily prevented it in
“ time.”

C H A P. V.

The danger of innovations.

“ **T**His good man, you must know;
“ this Cumberland preacher of
“ the gospel, observing that his con-
“ gregation had no great notion of
“ a heaven, whose joys consisted in
“ singing hallelujahs, without a word
“ of eating and drinking, when the
“ morning-service was over, took
“ upon him, after the example of
“ Mahomet, to make a heaven, that
“ he fancied would suit the taste of
“ his flock ; thinking, like the priests
“ of all religions, there could be no
“ harm in biting men out of their
“ senses,

“ senses, provided it was for the good
 “ of their souls. “ To be sure,” says
 “ Teague very innocently. He there-
 “ fore told them in one of his bet-
 “ ter-best sermons, that, provided
 “ they led a godly life, and bore their
 “ hardships with Christian patience,
 “ they would certainly go to that part
 “ of heaven, where they would
 “ have sufficient amends made for all
 “ the hungry, hard-working days
 “ they underwent in this world ; for
 “ he would insure them a hot plum-
 “ pudding upon the table, exactly
 “ at twelve o’ clock every day, be-
 “ sides beans and bacon, and bottled
 “ ale in plenty. He thought if this
 “ would not tempt the hungry
 “ rogues to mend their manners,
 “ and lead a godly life, nothing
 “ would ; but, like what is done
 “ to our acts of parliament, he was
 E 2 “ obliged

“ obliged the Sunday after, to make
 “ additions and emendations to his
 “ sermon ; for, between Sunday and
 “ Sunday, two of the most hungry of
 “ his parishioners fasted themselves,
 “ about eleven o’ clock in the morn-
 “ ing, in order to get to heaven just
 “ in pudding-time ; upon which the
 “ parson told them the next Sunday,
 “ that whoever hastened their depar-
 “ ture out of this world, would cer-
 “ tainly go where they would meet
 “ with pudding indeed, and plum-
 “ pudding too ; but the plums
 “ were red-hot bullets, and the sauce
 “ burning brimstone, which a devil
 “ of a footman, in a flaming livery,
 “ made them swallow by laddlefuls,
 “ as sauce for their hot bullets.
 “ Think,” says he, “ my belov-
 “ ed friends, what a fine condition
 “ our

“ our two neighbours are in at pre-
 “ sent, by their so rashly jumping out
 “ of the frying-pan into the fire. I
 “ assure you, could they come back
 “ again, they would be well content-
 “ ed to bear all the hardships of this
 “ world, and live six thousand years,
 “ in lieu of sixty, upon mouldy rye-
 “ bread and sour butter-milk, instead
 “ which, every laddleful of the red
 “ hot stuff they now swallow, runs
 “ their tripes so upon snick-snarls, that
 “ they do nothing but roar from
 “ meal to meal, without ceasing, and
 “ there they must roar for ever and
 “ ever.”

“ This sermon had its desired ef-
 “ fect; and no more of his parishio-
 “ ners are since gone a plum-pud-
 “ ding-hunting : but, for fear of lo-
 “ sing any more of his flock, the
 “ parson

“ parson takes particular care, in all
 “ the sermons he makes since, not to
 “ mention a single word of the pud-
 “ ding. I would have you, there-
 “ fore, says the 'squire, “ to take
 “ great care never to cook them
 “ up a new dish of either pud-
 “ ding, or any thing else. “ Indeed
 “ I will not, my dear honey,” says
 “ Teague; “ since that is the case,
 “ there shall not a single potatoe
 “ grow in heaven, out of any of my
 “ sermons; though I think it a most
 “ heavenly fruit.

“ Just then, Mr. Derbyshire's car-
 “ riage coming to the door, he shook
 “ the honest Hibernian cordially by
 “ the hand, and left him to retire to
 “ the corner of the parsonage-house,
 “ the most contented man upon
 “ earth;

“ earth ; and away he drove to
“ town.

“ In the morning, the 'squire or-
“ dered as handsome a gown and
“ cassock as ever was made for a dou-
“ ble chinn'd pluralist, and sent it
“ down to the honest curate. The
“ first time he put it on, he kept his
“ eyes so fix'd upon it, that he broke
“ his shins three or four times over
“ the wooden grave-stones, of which
“ a pretty good number stood be-
“ tween the parsonage-house and the
“ church-door ; but, as he returned,
“ he fared much worse ; for he
“ actually tumbled over one of the
“ ill spelt monuments of the dead,
“ and put his thumb so strangely out
“ of joint, that he was never able to
“ hold a pen again ; but, as it prov-

"ed no impediment to his using a
 "spade, the 'squire thought it rather
 "a lucky accident than otherwise,
 "and directly bought him an excel-
 "lent set of manuscript sermons,
 "which would be the best means, he
 "thought, not only of saving Teague
 "the trouble of explaining, whether
 "the sun moved in a straight line or
 "a circle, when he stood still ; but al-
 "so, of giving him time to cultivate
 "his favourite underground heaven-
 "ly fruit, called potatoes ; the conse-
 "quence of all which was, that in
 "five years time, no parish in Eng-
 "land, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland,
 "could boast of such a set of good
 "parishioners, or such crops of ex-
 "cellent potatoes ; and all owing to
 "the parson's good example."

Learn hence, ye bishops, priests,
and deacons, how much example is
superior to precept.

C H A P. VI.

*Potatoes as good as Cheshire cheese, to
help to digest roast beef.*

“IT is now,” continues Mr. Derbyshire, “about seven years, since I had the pleasure of fulfilling my father’s intentions, of bestowing the living upon this honest potatoe-planter, and am pleased to find, it has made no manner of alteration in his way of life; he is the same industrious creature he ever was; and, so great an enemy to innovations, that he has neither changed the fashion of his
coat

“ coat or shoes, or lost a single accent
 “ of his native brogue, during the
 “ whole forty years he has resided
 “ here.”

Just then the honest parson appeared : his compliment always to Mr. Derbyshire was, “ Shave you, my
 “ good patron.” Then, turning to
 “ the gentleman, says, “ Shave you,
 “ Sir.” Mr. Derbyshire’s friend, not
 being used to Teague’s dialect, suddenly clapt his hand to his chin, thinking his servant had forgot to shave him ; but he quickly recollected himself, and just then, the dinner-bell gave notice, that the roast beef had marched from the center of the spit to the center of a large silver dish ; at which instant I observed, that the parson’s tongue shot out
 of

of his mouth, and moved three times from the east corner of his lips to the west, and back again, with great velocity. Some people, in a vulgar phrase, would call this licking his lips; but, I think, it was only by way of oiling them, either to make them open with more ease, when the hot beef came to demand entrance, or prevent it from burning them, if it happened to touch, in its passage to thy grinders: be it which way it would, the precaution was no bad one; and no clergyman need be ashamed of following the example of so harmless a creature.

Mr. Derbyshire's friend was greatly pleased with the honest parson's downright artless manner of expressing himself, though there happened
not

not to be any thing brilliant enough in that afternoon's conversation, to suit the taste of my readers, I mean in the conversation after dinner ; as for the dinner itself, it would have suited any man's taste, from a cobbler up to a king ; the beef was delightful ; and my good friend, doctor Teague, sent down such a quantity, that I soon perceived he made use of Sunday, to furnish his store-room with flesh provisions for the whole week ; and then he had nothing to do, but stuff in potatoes by way of bread to it, till the next Sunday ; for not one morsel of bread did he touch at the 'squire's, but sent almost all the inside, and three large cuts of the outside of the sirloin, with a leg and the fleshy part of the wing of a hare, to keep themselves company, till he had time to dispatch

dispatch half the pudding after them; these lay very contentedly, and were sure to be reinforced with a quarter of a peck of potatoes at night, which, repeated morning, noon, and night, on the week-days, brought on a good digestion, and prepared our doctor for a Sunday's campaign again.

I said I would not mention any thing of the conversation; but I cannot forbear one little article, as it shews our doctor's artless ideas.

“ Doctor,” says Mr. Derbyshire's friend, “ I have heard, that your country is famous for usquebaugh.”
 “ Yes, very famous,” says the Hibernian. “ Pray, doctor,” says the friend, “ what do they make it of;”
 “ for

"for I never tasted any." "Nor I
 "neither, burn me," says the doctor,
 "but I fancy they can make it of no-
 "thing but butter-milk and sugar,
 "and red French claret wine;
 "because they say it is such very
 "good stuff." "It can't be that,
 "doctor," says Mr. Derbyshire, "be-
 "cause it is a mixture used as a
 "dram." Our Teague, who had no
 idea of any body taking a dram, un-
 less he was not well, answers, "that it
 "could not be a mixture for a dram,
 "because he heard his countrymen
 "drank it for pleasure; but, for a
 "dram when the stomach was out of
 "order, he had a very pretty mixture
 "himself, which had lasted him a-
 "bove eight years, and always did
 "him great service." "Pray, Doc-
 "tor," says Mr. Derbyshire, "what
 "mixture

"mixture may it be." "Your de-
 parted father, my honoured patron,"
 says Teague, "gave me a little
 dram-bottle that holds three pints;
 and he gave me a dozen quart bot-
 tles, and a dozen pint bottles of
 rum; so I put one of the quart
 bottles, and one of the pint bottles
 together, to fill my dram-bottle,
 and, when it is out, I do the same;
 and a very pretty mixture it
 makes, I assure you; but five or
 six of the pints I made punch of,
 without mixing at all."

This little spell of the doc-
 tor's conversation I could not pre-
 vail on myself to pass over in si-
 lence; although, as my reader was
 not with me to see the grave face
 with which he pronounced it, he may
 possibly find no meaning at all in it;

i

but

but all the joke might lay in the doctor's solemn face.

By this time coffee came, on which the doctor's tongue made the usual preparation for hot work, by filling the dry pores of his lips with moisture ; then swallowing five cups so hot, that for ten seconds after each cup, his throat smok'd like a brewer's chimney, he left Mr. Derbyshire his benediction, and retired : and the two friends came away to town ; where, the next morning, I parted from Mr. Derbyshire. I should have left him with a heavier heart, had it not been on so good an occasion ; but he lent me with so chearful a hand to a shop-keeper that applied to him in great distress, that I was asham'd to let
any

any selfish views, prevent me from partaking in the pleasure, his being able to assist his fellow creature seemed to give him.

C H A P. VII.

*An account of an amazing, wonderful,
uncommon instrument.*

AFTER passing thro' the hands of six or seven fellows, whose phizzes I had hardly time to survey, I was paid to a sharp-looking, slim animal, to whom his neighbours had given the name of John the Rat-catcher.

John ***, furnamed the Ratcatcher, is an honest toymen at this end
VOL. IV. F of

of the town, and a very great genius in his way; but *non omnibus*, &c. he is such an excellent hand at procuring patents, that he has got one for the sole direction of people's fingers in the dark, when the thoughts of any particular affair strikes them*. Whether his majesty's patent says, that they shan't know, without John's instrument, if they are in the right place or not, I won't pretend to assert, having never read the royal piece of parchment; but I know, if I was a king, and possessed of that power, I would never have granted it away to any subject whatever, but have the directing

* This, we may judge, may allude to a patent somebody, took out for an instrument to direct his majesty's good subjects, where to carry their fingers, to make memorandums in the night.

directing of people's fingers myself.
—Feeling is a very nice affair ; and nobody should feel for me, if I was a king ; at least, as long as my own sense of feeling lasted, which, I hope, will be both his majesty's case and mine seventy years longer at least.

Whether John outwitted his master, or not, in gaining such a patent, by representing matters as the lawyers do in Westminster-hall, in a quite different light from what they ought to be ; or his M——y did it out of the regard he bears to John's sharp phiz ; or the clerks did it, for the sake of an article, called *ready money*, (for which aforesaid article, I am told, if you desire it, they will draw you out a patent, for the sole occupying of grazing farms, in the

sky,) I know not ; but certain it is, that if you pay John only the sum of five shillings for his instrument ; when you have had your fingers at any certain place, if in an hour's time, or two or three, no matter which, the same thought, or something bordering upon it, should strike you again, by the help of this said instrument of John's, and a little groping into the bargain, you may guess almost to a certainty, whether you are in the very individual place, or an inch higher or lower than where you groped last ; then, if you have your pencil in your hand, or your pen full of ink, you may fall to work directly. I own I should like to work with my pen full of ink, because the effects of such memorandums often appear for fifty or sixty years after ; whereas the
work

work of a dry pencil, like Solomon's way of a man with a maid, leaves no traces behind it.

I cannot forbear observing, that if this instrument was the invention of the John I am speaking of, or any other John, that he has been very short in his recommendation of it; or, as the malign part of the world are pleased to nickname it, puffing it off; for, if it be useful to make seeing people write in the dark, it sure can direct blind people to write in the day time; as nobody can deny, but they are in the dark, asleep or awake : this is a hint I give this John, or the proper John; whoever he is, out of pure good-will to all enterprising geniuses, and desire he will not fail to enlarge upon so shining a discovery,

discovery, in a front advertisement, in the Morning Chronicle, which paper I always read, as it is inferior to none in matter, and so far superior in good print, that it saves me the expence of spectacles.

C H A P. VIII.

Prelude to some light tragical reading.

THIS instrument of instruments, with several other pretty inventions the world is obliged to John for; yet, amidst all these qualifications, and sundry more that John possesses, I am sorry to say it, but he is accused of having a hard heart towards his fellow creatures, and is more than suspected of laying a scheme

of the most horrible piece of barbarity that ever entered into the heart of man, woman, or child.

Now will I, my learned friend, Mr. Circulating Librarian, indulge you with a chapter of true tragical light reading, to please your taste; for John's was a scheme not only to destroy, but to make his fellow creatures eat each other: the dreadful thought has affected my nerves so much already, that I am obliged to lay out a penny for a dram, to prevent me from wasting two pennyworth of ink, by shaking it out of my pen, and destroying my paper with unmeaning blots.

C H A P. IX.

Tragical.

I Have been smacking, and smacking, and smacking this half hour, and can't get the smack of this confounded geneva out of my mouth; I never tasted such abominable stuff in my life : stinking malt spirits with fusty juniper-berries ; and yet the rogue will face me out, that he buys it of a worthy magistrate in the city, and pays the best price for it. But I don't mind what such rogues as as he say ; for, if a worthy magistrate's character could be sullied by what pot-house fellows prate, you would hardly find one honest man on the bench ;

bench; but, if there was one, and he happened to fall, he might lay till doomsday, for want of another to take him up.

I wish I had my penny again, with all my heart, and the dram was in the fellow's bottle or belly, or any where, but where it is. Milton talks of darkness visible, but the very fumes of this geneva have a visible stink; if an alderman can do such things as sell such stuff, farewell all—but I won't believe it; so the rascal may swear himself blind, if he pleases; he shall have no more of my custom, I'll promise him; I wonder the dog had not the impudence to say, he bought it of a member of parliament? and then he would have clenched the matter.

Is

Is there no police in this country? are his majesty's subjects to be poisoned without any redress? if the house won't take it into consideration, do you, my wise-looking friends at Hickes's-hall look about you, and grant your licences with a sparing hand; examine well the looks of every fellow that applies, and report him to your chairman, if he happens to be blind, or let him hear the rogue speak, and he'll see him better than you all together.

But I had well nigh lost both John and his tragical story. You see, reader, the bad effects of drinking to excess; had I been content with a halfpenny-worth, instead of a whole penny-worth, I should have been plagued with only half the stink and half the heart-burn; but, *nemo mortali-
lium*

lium omnibus boris sapit—I must, with patience, let my bowels fry an hour longer, and take care, in future, when I have money, how I lay it out so inconsiderately.

This patent-getting John never thought of getting a patent to clear his own house of rats ; and, therefore, was plagued with them to such a degree, that he bore the whole race as great a grudge as * * * * * does * * * * *, for which reason revenge took possession of his whole frame, and his mind was continually at work, how to wreak his vengeance on the long-tailed generation. This makes me the more surprised, that he should not think of a patent ; but people's over-eagerness to execute a scheme, makes them often overlook the only means

means of accomplishing it however, chance at last furnished John with an opportunity not only of revenge, but of shewing the barbarity of his disposition, in his mode of revenge : here again would my nerves give way, but the funk of the geneva keeps them as tight as a drum.

A cask came, directed to John, with four hams in it, one for himself, and three for other people, to whom John was desired to send them, but was impowered to chuse which he liked best for himself. John chose like a man of judgment; he chose the heaviest, by, at least, six pounds, hung it up in the chimney corner, and sent the rest according to order. John's maid (though she had never procured a patent in her life) had rather

ther more experience in hams than even John himself, (though he was a man of universal knowledge); she soon perceived, that the ham was too dry when it came, so would rather want moisture than heat; having likewise a good nose, she smelt that it was very well smoaked with wood, and, therefore, needed none of John's sulphureous sea-coal smoke; on which she replaced it in the cask again, and buried it snug under straw, to imbibe a little of the moisture of the cellar, rather than be dried to a stick, as John's patent-hunting head would have ordered it.

Two days after, John went into the cellar himself, to draw a pint of small beer.—When John found he was either hungry or thirsty, he was never above helping himself.—John
had

had walked very fast from the house of a great man, where, although a squeeze by the hand is looked upon to stand for both meat and drink, yet John found himself bloody thirsty; he had just clapt his stone pint mug to his lips, when, unluckily, hitting his toe against the cask, out jumped a whole shoal of rats, which surprised John so much, that, although he had valour enough for a man of his inches, especially if you gave him time to collect all his valour into a lump; yet here the attack was so sudden, and so unexpected, that his courage being scattered into different parts of his body, had no time to rally, and do him any service at all; he, therefore, let both mug and small-beer fall; and, as the sailors say, tumbled up stairs in a hurry. Don't think the

worse of his courage, my dear readers, though his retreat was a little precipitate ; but the bravest of our troops have been seized with a panic before now.

When John reached his shop-door, and saw people enough in the street that would be ready to assist him, if he called out murder, he made a bold stand at the threshold ; and, looking behind him, soon perceived the heat of the pursuit was over, as not one of the enemy appeared in sight ; he then had time to examine his wounds, which he found not dangerous, being only two broken shins, and a small sprain in his wrist, all acquired by tumbling, instead of walking up stairs ; two pieces of brown paper, dipt in brandy, were instantly applied

ed

ed to the thins, and a yard of black ribbon to the wrist ; but, whilst the smarting pain of the brandy affected John's feelings, he formed the bloodiest scheme of revenge that ever entered into a christian's heart or head ; and, what is worse, carried it into immediate execution : pain brought his courage from all quarters, and away the scattered particles marched to the heart, united in a compact body as large as a pin's head ; he instantly provided himself with a piece of packthread and a gimblet,* and, venturing down stairs, blew his nose, to give them notice he was coming, he found they had taken the hint, and had left the field of battle ; on which, John, not doubting but the smell of the straw, which he supposed they had been sucking, for the sake of the
flavour

flavour the hams had left, would tempt them again, he carefully put the head on the cask, and supported it with a piece of wood, to which he tied his string, and carried the end of it through a hole he made in the door; then, turning the lock, put the key into his pocket,

C H A P. X.

Dreadful doings continued.

ALL night did this John lie awake, poring on his scheme of revenge; but I must do him the justice to think, that the direful part of the plot must have been conceived when the brandy on his shins was making him grin like an Afri-

can man-tyger ;—else, in cold blood, I still am of opinion, (notwithstanding appearances) that he was too humane a man, to let such a direful thought take possession of his breast : but, be that as it may ; by day-light he arose, and, stealing softly down without his shoes, drew the fatal string, and secured no less than forty prisoners.

Here was a *coup de main* for you ! here was a quick recovery of his credit ! Homer seems to think, the greatest instance a man can give of his courage, is to head a chosen band in ambuscade ; but our hero not only planned an ambuscade, but executed it alone, and took forty prisoners at a jerk.

Let then his precipitate retreat be for ever forgotten ; let a veil be drawn over the involuntary slip of so great a man ; and let no traces remain in your memory, that such a degrading accident could possibly ever happen to the renowned John.

To shew my reader, I advance nothing about Homer and his ambuscades, in this my authentic history of two-legged animals, I shall give you a literal translation of that part of Achilles's speech to Agamemnon, where he reproaches him for cowardice, by hinting, that he never had the courage to lie in ambush.

Before I indulge you with the quotation, it is necessary you should understand, that the goddess of wis-

dom had that instant been paying a visit to Achilles, to desire him not to drub his general, for that would be a very bad example to future times ; as she plainly foresaw, that if every cowardly general was liable to be drubbed, when he deserved it, instead of bribing and pimping to be made generals, few great men would accept the post ; and then the church would be overloaded with lack-learning quality ; she, therefore made him put up his tool of revenge, but left him his tongue at full liberty, which privilege the women, with great reason, have claimed ever since.

This same goddess of wisdom, whose name is pretty well known in England, though she herself hath not been amongst us for several years,
after

after taking care to see Achilles sheath his instrument of offence, gave him leave to call his general, rogue, rascal, and son of a b——h, or what he pleased; of which letter of licence he took the advantage, tho' he had laid him on pretty thick before.—But I have no business with any part, except what gives a hint to an ambuscade.—John's courage was shewn in an ambuscade, and planned and executed (not by six ships alone, as Vernon did,) but by himself alone : —now Agamemnon was reproached for never daring to take a part in one.

But to the quotation.

“ On this, the queen of wisdom strode

“ Her *broomstick, and away she rode,

“ But

*Broomstick. By this, the sagacious reader, may perceive, that the goddesses, in Homer's days,

"But left his gizzard smoaking hot;
 "Like beef just taken out o'th' pot.
 "By Jove," says he, "thou'rt always
 "drunk,
 "And always squabbling for a punk.
 "Thou dog in face, with heart of deer,
 "(The Lord forgive me, if I swear,)
 "But blast my liver, pluck, and heart,
 "If thou'rt a fighter worth a —— :
 "When didst thou e'er in ambush lie,
 "Unless to nim a mutton pye;
 "And there you're safe, because you can
 "Out-run the baker's short-legg'd man.

You see, reader, that the burthen
 of the song, for courage, in Homer's
 days, consisted in forming an ambus-
 cade : I would have given the Greek
 lines, to shew the excellency of the
 translation, but it would justly have ex-
 posed me to the censure of my readers,

made use of the same hobby-horse that our
 witches did in wise king Jemmy's days.

who

who might, with reason, have said, I was tricking them, and filling my books with needless quotations; and I would have every body know, I scorn to put tricks either upon readers or travellers.

But, for the benefit of such of my readers as are Grecians, and perhaps may chuse to compare the translation with the original, give me leave to say, that my quotation is from the first book of the Iliad ;—if I was worth a Homer, I would tell them the page and line, but Mr. Square-eyes, the staring pawn-broker, at the corner of * * *’s court, has my Homer, and nineteen tip-top authors in pawn, for five shillings and three-pence.

C H A P. XI.

A dreadful scheme half executed.

POX take these quotations, say I, they are good for nothing but to mislead people, and shew, that the writer is a man of reading ;—if I know where to find John and his rats again, I'm a pickled oyster.

Oh! now I have it.—John had just let the trap fall upon his prisoners, and was going to return for his shoes, but fearing the enemy might have some of the scholars of Archimedes amongst them, who, by levers, or patent-screws, might remove the cover, he boldly ventured barefoot into the
cellar,

cellar, and instantly clapped a large earthen pan on the top of the barrel; then, running up for his shoes, brought down a half hundred weight, to stand centinel over the enemy, when the pan might be wanted, either to wash his feet, or put broth into, being on both occasions a very proper utensil; at the same time, he gave strict orders to Betty, that nothing upon that barrel should be touched: but he did not let the corner of a reason escape his lips, lest the strange barbarity of the scheme should shock the tender heart of the maid, especially, as she had never felt the smart of brandy on broken shins. But, to own the truth, though I blush to do it, his real design was, to reduce them to such straits by famine, that they should eat one another up;
and

and as the last surviving rat would not be able to eat up himself, he designed to gibbet him, for an example to all maroders.

In consequence of this most barbarous, most dreadful, most astonishing, most shocking, most inhuman, and most bloody resolution, the vigilant hero surveyed the out-works of his wooden castle ten times a day, with a lighted candle, to try if any of their pioneers were making their way through the walls, in which case he designed to pour a quantity of lighted matches into the straw, and consign the whole regiment of long-tails to fire and brimstone ; but no shadow of escape appearing, he continued his first dreadful plan of letting them eat one another. In about three weeks,
or

of a month's time, when he thought there would not be the claw of a rat left, except the survivor, he boldly opened the lid ; but making a great noise when he took the pan and the half hundred weight off, the whole family within were so much upon their guard, that, the moment daylight appeared, out they all jumped helter-skelter, with ten times the precipitation they did before ; of consequence, this attack seemed to him ten times fiercer than the former ; who would wonder then, if his courage again failed him ; I mean, that he had not time to rally his scattered atoms, to come to his assistance ; he therefore attempted the stairs with the same tumble-up velocity he did before, but remembering his shins, which were hardly skinned over, he kept his
 body

body so upright, that his head struck a beam with such force, that it sent him back again into the thick of the engagement in spite of his teeth, where he lay motionless on the ground for above a minute : had the enemy been actuated by the same spirit of revenge as himself, had the rats been half as bad christians as John, they might have made him severely repent his direful schemes ; but they were very well satisfied with putting their adversary to flight ; and every rat had made the best of its way to some purling stream, to quench his thirst ; for though their castle was stored with plenty of provisions, yet those provisions being rather salt, they began to be distress'd for want of water ; but they made the best of a bad market, which justifies an observation of mine,

mine, that every animal, bears its wants with more philosophy than man.

When John came to himself, and found that the rats had not eaten him, which his conscience suggested they ought to have done, instead of feeling the least compunction for his most inhuman designs on so generous an enemy, he began to consider which way this deep laid scheme of his had failed. Whenever John began to consider of ways and means, his nails were of great use in making a grating kind of a noise on the outside of his scull, whereby his brains had notice, that John wanted their assistance : John had gotten his wigg removed, in order to begin the operation, when he found the auxiliary friend

friend to the rats, the beam, had softened his crown for him in such a manner, that it could not bear the touch of a nail ; finding, therefore, it would be in vain to attempt to scratch a thought up, he (without thinking) fell to kicking the barrel, to send the dead rats about their business after the live ones ; for a quantity of dead ones he was sure there must be ; but none of them chusing to stir, he turned the barrel upside down, to spy how many of them lay at the bottom of the straw, where lo ! instead of dead rats, he found the bone of a ham, with about two pound of flesh left ; astonished at the bone of a ham, very near picked, being in his house, when he had no share in picking it, he directly bawls out, “ Betty ! where is our ham ? ”

“ In

"In the barrel," answers Betty,
 "that you took so much care on."

"The devil fetch you and the barrel both," says John. "I won't be devil-fetch'd, nor barrelled neither, by you, nor any master in England," replies Betty; and down she came to face him. John who, on any hasty word before, always looked on Betty's answer as a signal for an engagement he was no way qualified to cut any figure in, therefore prudently declined a rejoinder, and so the matter ended; but the smart of his broken head, which he now began to feel, joined to his uncured shins, and, above all, the loss of his ham, made the man rather desperate; (John loved smok'd ham); he, therefore, ventured on what he had never done before, I mean a rejoinder, which brought

brought on a regular engagement, the consequence of which was, that John was routed horse, foot, and dragoons, and he and his ham-bone obliged to mount up stairs almost as nimbly as if the rats had been at his heels.

C H A P. XII.

A small interruption.

THE devil fetch this fellow, says a grave-looking gentleman, (who I take to be a presbyterian parson) here have I lost my time in perusing three volumes and a half, and, except one story, (and that vilely told) of a poor broken-hearted young woman, the duce of any

any thing is there in his books, but cocks and hens, and f—s, and hobby horses, and clister-pipes, and broken guitars, with patent corkscrews, ham-bones, and an army of rats; a pretty collection of subjects truly, to carry a reader through four volumes! Had the author the spirit of a Rabelais, or the fire of a Tristram, he might go through four and forty volumes, without a grain of connection, and people would follow him; but, with such a head as his, it won't do, unless he will let us have a good long story well worked up, of some pretty innocent virgin, that, at last, in spite of all her prayers, tears, and intreaties, gets fairly ravished; there he may easily keep up the reader's attention, and make the poor thing

full amends, by her ravisher's liking her so well, as to marry her.

Why, you sanctified, goatified rogue, and so you would sink all the distress, that the tender young creature must be in, to enjoy, in idea, the vigour and lust that must actuate the ravisher at that critical moment ! O black, black, what dost thou cover !

But, doctor, (I call every man in black, doctor, that strokes his chin with his fingers and thumb, before he speaks) how came you to introduce the devil, the very second word you spoke ; let me advise you, never to mention him again, but when you are in the pulpit ;—there he gains you great respect, because you can kick him about as you please ; you

can either bind him in chains, or send him roaring up and down the world, to the great terror and dismay of the peaceable half of his majesty's liege subjects; I say the peaceable half, for the other half, I fear, neither mind the devil nor you.

But doctor? you seem to think none of my subjects would do for a text for you to spin a sermon out of.—How can I help that, my dear doctor; though I can find texts, I can't find brains for every reader:—I am no dealer in calves heads; and, if I was, I have not gotten the art of transfusing the brains from one calf's scull into another; therefore, doctor, if you can't find brains for yourself, e'en make a shift, as you have done all along, without them.

I have heard men of genius say, that the minuteſt animalcule on earth, is a large ſubject to expatiate upon, and ſhew the amazing power of the wonderful hand that formed it:—how great a ſubject then muſt the animal be, that you mention with ſo much contempt, I mean the rat.—To me, the rat-catcher himſelf doth not afford more room for ſpeculation on the wonderful properties the firſt mover has diſperſed through all the creation, than this cunning reflecting animal doth. But nothing leſs than the leviathan, or a Greenland whale, is a ſubject, I ſuppoſe, large enough for you : take the whale for your text, doctor; if it proves a ſpermaceti one, I have no objection to its finding candles for your whole congregation,
 who

who have been in the dark long enough.

If you had told me civilly, doctor, that you did not like the company of rats, for fear you should carry the scent with you to any of the good houses where you take it in turn, the year round, to cool their victuals by saying a long grace for them before dinner, I would not have introduced a single quadruped; because I know how dangerous it is for any of the profound admirers of a black coat to begin to smell a rat; for the good man, after such an accident, loses ground daily.

I therefore again repeat it, that, if you had asked me civilly, I should have done the civil thing; but, since

you assumed so dogmatical an air, and called my thirty or forty rats an army, in my next chapter I shall introduce a real army of Scotch rats; so get out of their way as fast as you can: if they have not eaten up the Scotch presbyterian parsons, it is because they favour their countrymen; but you would stand no more chance of escaping, than a roasted pig would, when set between yourself and a churchwarden.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

More rats.

JOHN the Ratcatcher, after this third defeat, found the field of battle would be too hot for him, for an hour at least, so putting his ham-bone carefully into a drawer in the shop, he took his hat, and away he went to a coffee-house, to comfort himself with a dish of coffee.—I was snug in John's pocket.

We were no sooner seated, but a gentleman in the next box, concluded a sentence with the word *Scotland*.

" Now you talk of Scotland,"
 says his companion, " I can't help
 " owning, that I am not a little
 " puzzled about a particular quali-
 " fication their rats are endowed with;
 " I don't mean their two legg'd rats,
 " which have lately come in such
 " swarms to eat us out of house and
 " harbour; we had such sorts of rats
 " as those enough of our own breed,
 " in every house before, not except-
 " ing the house of l—, the house of
 " c——, the India-house, the
 " south-sea house, the custom-house,
 " the trinity-house, and even the
 " house of G—d;—all these rats had
 " natural instinct enough, to run
 " from a falling house, long before
 " the Scots came to teach them that
 " trick : but it is their real four-
 " legged rats, that has puzzled all
 " my

“ my philosophy, I should be glad
 “ you could help me out,

The moment that the word *rat* was mentioned, John, in hopes of hearing of some bold fellow being vanquished by rats, as well as himself, instantly pricked up a pair of ears, that would not have disgraced her majesty's ass, for size and dappled spots, and listened attentively, when the gentleman went on as follows :

“ The writer of a Tour thro' Scot-
 “ land, says, the walls of the houses
 “ of Inverness are built with large
 “ round stones, the outsides of which
 “ are filled up with mortar, thrown
 “ by the hand against them, in the
 “ same manner that boys pelt each
 “ other with dirt, but the insides are
 “ quite

“ quite rough, which leaves excellent
 “ places for nests for rats to breed in,
 “ and there they do breed in amazing
 “ quantities. In a good year, the
 “ ground about Inverness grows corn
 “ enough to feed the inhabitants ;
 “ but in a scarce year they are half
 “ famished ; at such a time as this,
 “ when, if a single crumb falls to the
 “ ground, there are three or four
 “ people ready to lick it up, what
 “ must become of these poor devils,
 “ the rats, think you ? They don’t
 “ care to eat one another ; for a
 “ Scotch man, or a Scotch rat, would
 “ eat all the world up, before they
 “ would touch themselves ; and these
 “ poor rats cannot keep life and soul
 “ together as the Greenland bears
 “ do, by sucking their paws, because
 “ the bears take care to get so fat in
 summer,

“ summer, that they have a rare stock
 “ to suck on in winter ; but, in Scot-
 “ land, even in the most plentiful
 “ year, nothing can get fat there, not
 “ even their sheep, which is the rea-
 “ son the parchment-makers give so
 “ good a price for Scotch skins, be-
 “ cause they have no trouble in ex-
 “ tracting the grease ; therefore the
 “ paw-sucking trade won’t do for
 “ those Scotch rats ; and, if they at-
 “ tempt to travel southward, where
 “ they all know the way, not one
 “ could escape being picked up by
 “ the half-starved dogs and cats.
 “ Luckily for this distressed genera-
 “ tion, the Scots never make use of
 “ either a curry comb, or a main
 “ comb. “ If they did,” says the gen-
 “ tleman, “ What the duce have the
 “ rats to do with that ; they don’t
 “ want

“ their hides currying surely ; and as
 “ for their tails and manes, there is
 “ not a single hair on them to want
 “ combing ; but their horses have
 “ tails and manes.—“ granted,” says
 the gentleman ; “ and what then ?
 “ What then !” says the first
 speaker : “ if you won’t interrupt
 “ me, but let me go on, I’ll tell you,
 “ what then. It is no hard matter for
 “ a man of any genius to conceive,
 “ that if a horse’s main or tail is ne-
 “ ver touched with a comb, it will
 “ naturally grow thick, and get mat-
 “ ted together ; this is really the case
 “ with the Scotch carriers hobbies,
 “ and the rats take the advantage of
 “ it. Some five or six, or more, bu-
 “ ry themselves in the tail and main
 “ of every carrier’s hobby that is tra-
 “ velling southward, by which means
 “ they

“ they not only get a safe, but a
 “ warm conveyance into a better cli-
 “ mate. When they arrive ten or a
 “ dozen miles on this side the
 “ Tweed, out they jump, and make
 “ their quarters good, in a strange
 “ country, with as much ease as their
 “ two-legg’d relations do all the
 “ world over. Now what puzzles me
 “ the most of all is this ; although I
 “ have some idea that a rat, when he
 “ travels on foot, and, of conse-
 “ quence, can go what way he
 “ pleases, may nose out his way to a
 “ warmer climate, yet I can’t |con-
 “ ceive who informs them, whether
 “ the horses are going north or south ;
 “ although it is certain, they never
 “ make a mistake ; for my old gar-
 “ dener, who was a Highland carrier
 “ several years, and has brought as
 “ much

“ much smuggled tobacco into Eng-
 “ land, as would cover all the road, a
 “ foot deep, from London to Johney
 “ Grot’s house, declares, that he has
 “ seen them leap out of the manes
 “ and tails of his runts by dozens and
 “ scores, when he got into England ;
 “ yet, in going north, he never so
 “ much as saw or heard of one.—
 “ Pray, which way can a reasoning
 “ man account for this phenome-
 “ non ?”

“ As for Phill Harneman,” says
 the listening friend, (who I found
 was an attorney), “ as he is
 “ your gardener, and has been a
 “ Scotch carrier, if you’ll order him
 “ to attend me at my chambers, to let
 “ me interrogate him, I’ll soon draw
 “ the whole truth out of him, and
 “ then I shall be able to give you such
 “ an

“ an account, as I defy even a mas-
 “ ter in chancery to find fault with :
 “ but to me, at present, it appears,
 “ that common sense teaches these
 “ four-legg’d sagacious creatures, as
 “ well as the two-legg’d ones, that
 “ no country upon earth can be
 “ worse than the place they leave ; I
 “ speak from the authority of Johney
 “ M’Bellclapper, my smith ; he is a
 “ sensible fellow, as most of them
 “ are, for the rogues, in general,
 “ bring sharp intellects from the freez-
 “ ing north. Johney came from that
 “ very part of the country where your
 “ rats first drew breath ; and I have
 “ heard him say, that he has seen se-
 “ veral, what they call, good years,
 “ in that country : (I was curious to
 “ know what they called a good year.)
 “ A good year, says Johney, scratch-
 “ ing—

“ing”—“Hold,” says his friend, “I’ll
 “have no scratching, when a Scotch-
 “man tells a story; I don’t think na-
 “tional reflections genteel; my Eng-
 “lish Johny might scratch as long as
 “he pleased, because Englishmen on-
 “ly scratch in common with all the
 “nations in the world, (the nations
 “of African and American monkeys
 “and baboons not excepted), but to
 “mention scratching and a Scotch-
 “man together, is wrong, and might
 “draw a man, less fortified with law
 “than yourself, into a scrape; there-
 “fore, if you please, let me hear
 “what Johny M^cBellclapper said,
 “without scratching.” “To oblige
 “you, I will,” says the attorney; “I
 “always follow instructions: my
 “master imparted that great secret
 “to me, in the last week of my last
 “year’s clerkship.” “Neddy,” says
 “he,

“ he, shaking me by the hand, “ I wish
 “ you well ; and, to shew it, I’ll give
 “ you a piece of advice, always take
 “ care to follow instructions ;—if you
 “ fail, you then lay the blame on the
 “ thick heads of your counsel ;—you
 “ can do them no harm, for most of
 “ their heads would bear St. Paul’s
 “ cupola :—but if you succeed, then
 “ take the merit to yourself, by prov-
 “ ing that you stated the case so
 “ clear, that they could not give any
 “ other opinion.”—Now this rule I
 “ always follow, and have, in sundry
 “ and divers cases, felt the good ef-
 “ fects of it, and shall never forget
 “ my master for his kindness.”
 “ But,” says the first speaker, “ I am
 “ afraid you have forgot Johney
 “ M’Bellclapper.” “ Not I, in-
 “ deed,” replies the limb of the law,
 Vol. IV. I. “ he

" he is the main point; and I always
 " keep the main point in view, tho'
 " I often break off, and fill twenty
 " sheets of stamped paper with no-
 " thing at all, yet I return with as
 " much ease to the main subject, as
 " I do now to Johney M^cBellclap-
 " per."

" What I call a good year," says
 " Johney, (without scratching)—
 " Now do I plainly foresee, that this
 " story will be but a flat one, if you
 " won't let Johney scratch; because
 " his scratching was so different from
 " other people's, that half the spirit
 " of the story lay in his manner of
 " scratching it out.—A lawyer, or a
 " justice of peace scratches the crown
 " of his head as he talks; a physi-
 " an scratches his forehead; a musi-
 " cian

“cian scratches his elbow ; a finical
 “Cockney scratches his cheek ; a tay-
 “lor scratches his collar ; a collector
 “on the high road, scratches under
 “his left ear ; a courtier scratches his
 “left palm ; and my Lord Brute
 “scratches his a— : but Johnney’s
 “method of scratching was different
 “from all these ; Johnney scratched
 “his words out of his finger ends ;
 “not the ends where the nails grow,
 “but the upper ends that grow to
 “the knuckles ; at the sides of those
 “ends, all the time Johnney was
 “speaking, did he scratch with such
 “a glee, that I always thought they
 “added double spirit to his words :
 “but, I hope, you’ll give me leave to
 “scratch whilst I tell it, though you
 “won’t let me say that Johnney was
 “scratching ;” “No nor that nei-

“ther,” says the gentleman: “mick-
 “micking the foible of any nation
 “may be dangerous, especially, if
 “any irascible Scotchman should be
 “in fight.” At this he cast an arch
 side glance upon my owner John,
 who, to do him justice, had a true
 Caledonian aspect, and looked as
 sharp and as fierce as if the north
 wind had been his dry nurse.

The attorney's not being able to
 tell the story his own way, prevented
 me from hearing Johnney M'Bell-
 clapper's account of a good year in
 that country; for John the Ratcatch-
 er, not liking the sly leer of the gen-
 tleman, and being in no humour for
 another fray, or even an altercation,
 having succeeded so indifferently in
 his last trials of skill that way, he,
 therefore,

therefore, paid his three pence for his dish of coffee, and was out of the room before I was sensible he had left his seat, and was still listening for Mr. Bailbond's account of this good year; when, looking about me, I found John and myself in the Park, which he quite surrounded, in a gentle trot of about five miles an hour, to cool himself: however, the loss of Johney M^cBellclapper's story shall be no loss to my reader; because I have reason to think it is much the same that I have heard since, from several gentlemen of credit and veracity; and they tell you, that what the inhabitants call a good year, is when they have no more than three hundred days rain, and the other sixty five days, moderate bad weather.

[118]

Now, reader, if you was a rat,
would you leave this country or
not?

A female voice replies, I would,
Sir, if I pleased; and if I pleased, I
would not.

Madam, I am answered.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

Shewing as how John the Ratcatcher carried the author to the q—'s house, and as how the k—g asked John, what made him walk so stiff, and make such wry faces? and as how John told the k—g, he broke his head and shins, by tumbling down stairs, instead of tumbling up; which sheweth, that little rogues, as well as great ones, dare tell lies to kings.

J O H N having made up matters with Betty, which he always did before he went to sleep, being a true old Christian, marched up to bed, where he rested better than I should with two uncured shins, and a fresh

broken head, and the loss of a fine smoked ham: the next morning John, having some new nick-nacks to shew his majesty, or her majesty, or his royal highness the prince of Wales, or the bishop, or some body or other belonging to the family, took me along with him to the q——'s house. The q——'s house ! says one of my readers ! come, don't put orator Henley upon us, and tell us over again, in ten thousand flat words, what you have done tolerably well in the title to your chapter in fifty ; and there you have carried your readers to the q——'s house already.

Courteous reader, I thank you ; if you had not spoke, I should never have minded what a blunder I committed, by fairly ending my chapter,
before

before I begun it ; but, as there's no great harm done yet, I'll proceed to another.

C H A P. XV.

The author parts from John.

WHETHER John got a patent to sell moonshine, or a real patent-place (as several before him have done) for telling lies, I won't say ; but he returned home again with me still in his pocket.

John no sooner entered his shop, but he began to throw up his nose, and snuff the wind, like a hound that thinks he scents the distant prey.—John himself is a very sagacious hound,

hound, and enjoys all his senses in as high perfection as any four-legg'd hound in England, except the sense of smelling, and there indeed no two-legg'd dog ever pretended to vie with the four-legg'd race; however, I will venture to say, that John's sense of smelling exceeded most two-legg'd hounds; in consequence of which, this qualification directed him immediately to a drawer, where he unkenelled his ham-bone;—John had forgot it, which made him sleep so well, —but, on sight of it,——

“*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.*”

——you never beheld such a face as John made;—grief for the loss of the ham, and revenge against the rats, joined to cook up such a strange mixture in his countenance, that he looked

ed exactly like the sign of the tyger : after standing in this posture long enough to have made twenty women with child miscarry, if they had been so unfortunate as to have entered the shop, John's philosophy at last came to his aid, and softened his features into something resembling a human being ; he then gave over staring at the bone, with both eyes fixt, like Hamlet on the Ghost, and began to survey the fleshy part with great attention, to try to make the best of a bad market. He had forgot to provide knives for his late long-tail'd guests, and, therefore, ought not to have expected they would cut it very smooth with their teeth ; at least, if he did expect it, he was mistaken, for they had left it full of little cells finished in the rustic stile. After turning it over
and

and over, and over again, John called for a spoon, and fell to making smooth the inside of the cells, which he did as dexterously, as if he had been polishing a silver pint mug ; then, giving Betty charge to make as much pea-soup of it as would last two days, he bolted out of the door, and walked away in as great a hurry as if he had been a man-midwife.

The reason of John's sudden and hasty perambulation, I could not devise ; I kept pondering and pondering, and knocking along with John's pocket-book against his watch-chain, but could form no kind of guess what John was about ; at last he stopped at the great-wigg'd Mr. Aslafet's, the druggist ; the man and the wig were both at home ; the wig
and

and the man I mean; I ask the wig pardon, for, though the man was no small one, yet the wig was the largest half. John, with a face of consequence, desired to speak to him; they all three withdrew into a small counting-house, just big enough to hold them.

All three! says one of my readers, a writing-master, and teacher of accounts; how the pox should John and the druggist make three?

How dare you, you snuffling rogue, mention the word *pox*, with that nose of yours? I thought you had got your belly full of it; but some people are such fools, they will be eternally putting company in mind of what they ought most carefully to

conceal ; did not I mention the druggist's wig, the druggist himself, and John ? Now as the druggist did not leave his wig in the shop, sure the wig, the druggist, and John must make three. If you work the question by the golden rule, and prove it by practice, you'll find I am right.

John spoke so low at first, that I did not hear a word ; only I observed John shook his head : John's shake was followed by a shake of the great wig, which threw an ounce of powder into John's eyes, and set him a sneezing : this put John upon his guard, not to whisper any more, because it brought both his nose and his eyes into danger ; he, therefore, spoke louder,

er, by which means I heard the consultation.

O John, John ! who could have suspected a man, whose fire seems to have all mounted up into his face, could retain in his heart such unquenchable flames of revenge.

This consultation was about these poor animals, the rats : rats-bane was the subject that had shaken the powder out of the Busby into John's eyes. " I must have it," says John, " so well mixed up, that it will deceive them." " You shall," says the wearer of the great wig ; " if I don't manage them for you, say there is no virtue in my drugs, and that's a word if king George himself

“ self was to say, I would bring an
 “ action against him.”

The deadly potion being prepared, John kicked me and his pocket-book home again, with the same speed he went. His waistcoat laps happened to be very long, which made us swing backward and forward like boys in a merry-totter.—We did not like it, because, at every return, our rumps came bump against the seals on John’s watch-chain, of which, true toyman-like, he wore a rare number to encourage the fashion : but John’s gizzard was too hot to let him mind any thing, except his revenge; therefore, the moment he got home, notwithstanding the struggles he had undergone, *per varios casus, et per tot discrimine rerum*, he, with an intrepidity

ty scarce to be credited, ventured directly down into the cellar, but making, like a generous Englishman, noise and bustle enough to put his enemies on their guard, and give them time to make themselves ready either for offence or defence, or to run away. He then opened the door, and drawing a double jug of small beer, that no body might have occasion to go in, and partake of this rat feast, he scattered his dead-doing balls all over the cellar, and secured the key in his pocket. The next day he drew small beer himself, and the succeeding two or three days, but not a rat would touch his provisions ; he had pinched them so for drink the last feast he gave them, that the duce a one would taste his cookery ; and, when I left him, not a single ball was touched.

Finding John so bloody a minded man, I can't say I felt so much regret at parting as I expected, though in every thing else but this sanguinary turn, he was really a good sort of a man ; a better paymaster never existed ; an instance of which he gave on parting with me. An ivory turner brought him a large parcel of nick-nacks :—" I have added these to the " other bill," says the man, " and they " both together make eighteen " pounds ten." " Very well," says John, " I suppose you want money." " No, master," says the man, " I " have no right to ask it before my " time." " But," says John, " will " it do you any harm before your " time?" " A great deal of good, " master," says the man: upon which he gave him me. The man was going

going to run home like lightning, for thirty shillings in change, but John bid him not trouble himself to come on purpose, but leave it any time business brought him that way.

Here's a John for you ! Is it not pitiful ? wondrous pitiful ? that such a heart as John's, should be tinctured with cruelty.

Who would not laugh, if such a man there be ?

Who would not weep, if John himself is he ?

C H A P. XVI.

Pull baker, pull devil.

THE last chapter left me in the hands of the ivory-turner, but you won't find me there; the ivory-turner paid me directly to a dealer in elephant's teeth; but you won't find me there neither: the elephant tooth-merchant paid me to a Jew, for old cloaths to send to the coast: but you shan't find me there neither; no more pork-eating rogues will I give any account of: the sons of circumcision are such humdrum designing dogs, that, except a young buck, now and then, whose mother has been familiar with with a Christian, leaps over the pails, and breaks loose from them, the whole
twelve

twelve tribes, if you could recover the long-lost ten, would hardly furnish such a pen as mine with a decent chapter; too many of their roguish fornicating tricks are recorded in the Bible; but hang me if they shall contaminate a single page of my edifying books again.—Let them turn Christians; there's no objection to their being rogues if they do; and then, when pork is not forbid, they won't eat a tenth part they do at present; by which means the Christian poor, may come in for a rasher or a steak, because the price must fall.

Where, in Gad's name, must we find you, says beau Jemmy-boots, if you will appear in the hands of neither Jew nor Christian.

K 3

Patience,

Patience, my dainty friend, and you shall find me ;—but not in the hands of either Christian, Jew, Pagan, or Turk.

Blood and oons ! say a train-band captain, where can this fellow have hid himself ?—Sure the devil has not got him !

No, captain, says I, the devil has not ; but the devil's own cousin has : a fellow that would trample on the crucifix for a stiver, would crucify a Jew for a doit, flay a Pagan alive for a schilling, impale a Turk for a ducat, and burn all the world for a cag of pickled herrings :—in short, I am now sweating in the inner pocket of the sixth pair of breeches of a Dutchman ; and although half of my countrymen

trymen are at present freezing to death, yet am I stewing like a race-horse-rider between two feather-beds; and, as for air, I might as well be in the black-hole at Calcutta. For the little chance I have of any particles being able to penetrate through mynheer's five pair of breeches, to reach the sixth, is prevented by his wearing his hand in the outward pocket, exactly over me; so that a rat in an air-pump, has an elegant life to mine. I wish the bullock-mouth'd Jew, that paid me to this Mynheer Donder und Blaxem, was to stand up to the neck in the river Jordan till I fetch him out; but lo! a dawn of hope appears; five pair of the Dutchman's breeches are opened, to give his hand leave to draw me out.—What's the matter? by all that's

~~was a~~ ~~man~~ ~~going~~
~~down~~ ~~river~~ ~~to~~ ~~Washington~~,
~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~river~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~has~~
~~not~~ ~~heard~~ ~~it~~ ~~yet~~ ~~for~~ ~~many~~
~~years~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~document~~ ~~is~~ ~~impos-~~
~~sible~~ ~~to~~ ~~find~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~month~~ ~~in~~
~~any~~ ~~way~~. ~~an~~ ~~incomparable~~ ~~for~~
~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~year~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~afraid~~
~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~died~~ ~~half~~
~~way~~ ~~to~~ ~~Washington~~, "says the
~~document~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~, "
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~now~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~plain~~,
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~has~~ ~~his~~ ~~document~~ ~~as~~
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~; for
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~two~~ ~~words~~ ~~about~~
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~; this is pull baker
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~, with a witness; how-
~~ever~~, ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~died~~ ~~harder~~ ~~than~~ ~~sal-~~
~~vation~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~returning~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~
~~Washington~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~again~~, when
~~Washington~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~wrote~~ ~~a~~ ~~receipt~~
~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Dutch-~~
~~man~~

man got a porter, and marched off, with the goods and the satisfaction of having bit Yorkshire out of twenty pounds: but mynheer had not been far North enough for a Yorkshireman; for I quickly understood, that Nicholas Nopewell, the clothier, had only given seven pound ten for this parcel of worm-eaten cloth, and laid out about thirty shillings more in fine-drawing the holes for the first half dozen yards in each piece; so that although mynheer hugged himself, with the imagination of biting the Yorkshireman out of twenty pounds, the Yorkshireman was very sure he had bit the Dutchman out of eleven pounds at least; and at so cheap a rate as only pawning his salvation, which he could not have done at any pawn-broker's in town for eleven pence.

C H A P. XVII.

Nothing got by impertinent interruptions.

MISS Jefferson was the daughter of—Of who? says a voice behind me; and pray where does she come from? we never heard a word of her in either your first, second, or third volumes; and yet you begin to speak of her as if she was an old acquaintance? What's that to you, who she is, says I coolly: can't I begin a story in the middle, proceed to the end of it, and end it with the beginning, as several great writers have done; but I must be interrupted by you? Upon this I turned about; when, finding it was his mock-divinityship,

tyship, the presbyterian parson, that I thought my Scotch rats had sent off with a rattle. I could not help being a little nettled ; two interruptions from one quarter was too much to bear with Christian patience. You gauger, says I, of your hearers porridge-pots ; you measurer of the square inches in their rumps of beef, and solid inches in their suet puddings ; you carver of the thirtieth of January calf's head, I thought my rats had sent your hypocritical face far enough off, and that by this time you was regaling with some good she-creature of your pious flock, and making her turn up the white of her eyes ; but, since your assurance will stay, Miss Jefferson shan't make her appearance either this chapter or the next ; and, if you are not gone by that

that time, I shall begin to let a small story or two of you out of my budget ; for I happened to be in the pocket of the grocer's wife, all the time you was telling her, you could not help comparing her breasts to Solomon's description of the church ; and, piously taking off the good creature's handkerchief, to try if the description answered ; then, by degrees, you began to compare other parts, till—
O Lord, O Lord ! what will this world come to at last ?

The parson's gone, and with a flea in his ear too : I was not so angry with the canting rogue neither, as I seemed to be : flesh is frail, and nature is nature, whether drest in a black coat, a red coat, a white coat, a blue coat, or any other colour the wit of
man

man can invent. The grocer's wife was young and tempting, and her husband a very drunken fellow ; a strong temptation this, even for a churchman, much more for a dissenting rogue : the devil lay close at him, to be sure : but, if he had a mind to shake hands with the cloven-footed gentleman, for half an hour, or so, he should not have introduced him through the church. Could not he have told the good woman, that he had a mind, for variety's sake, to be wicked an hour or so ; then, if she gave her consent, the sin would be half her own : but to let her keep praying, and turning up the whites of her eyes all the time, as if she was doing a godly action, whilst he knew the devil was close at both their elbows, is abominable, and double the sin on his side ;

side, but let him answer for it, reader; you and I have nothing to say to it; we shall have sins in plenty of our own to answer for, if we live long enough.

What between this canting knave, and the grocer's wife, who is a handsome charming piece of flesh and blood, I am in no cue for telling so affecting a story as Miss Jefferson's; besides, it does not come in turn, for, by the Yorkshire clothier, I was paid to a wool-stapler; he paid me to a long-legg'd hosier; the hosier paid me to a Nottingham weaver; the weaver changed me with the landlord, at the Bull in Bishopsgate-street; the landlord paid me to the one-eyed Norwich warehouse-keeper; from him I went to a gingerbread-baker,

for

for gingerbread sent by the waggon into the country. By Timothy Treaclebeard the gingerbread-baker, I was paid to Mrs. Coppernose, a rich brazier's widow, for rent : all this was performed in less than three hours.

The duce fetch these men of business, says I to myself, they give very little rest, either to money or bank-notes. I now no longer wonder at the smooth faces of guineas, or the ragged coats of my brethren.

If I am not as much jaded with following myself through this confounded three-hours jaunt, as an Hounslow post-horse when he reaches Hyde-park-Corner, I'll give you leave to call me a rhinoceros ; but, if I end the

the chapter, I shall have time to take a little breath, before I begin another:—so here endeth the seventeenth chapter.

C H A P. XVIII.

Edifying conversation.

MRS. Coppernose, in order to live genteel, and keep good company, has forsaken the city, and taken a house in the back settlements about Portman square, where she found a set of widows that had left the city on the same plan: so, to complete their scheme of keeping genteel company, they herd together. There is Mrs. Remnant, the rich tailor's widow; Mrs. Vallon, the upholder's widow; Mrs. Flambeau, the

the wax-chandler's widow ; Mrs. Shortpint, the vintner's widow ; and Miss Wryjaws, an old maid, daughter to a rich trunk-maker, who had left her a large fortune, but still it proved too small to get her a husband, because her mind was more crooked than her chin : there was likewise a Mrs. Flanagrannellegan, the widow of an Irish officer, that was killed in Ethiopia, where the use of pen and ink being unknown, she never could get a certificate of his death ; and some people think her wedding was consummated in the same country, because she never could get a certificate of her marriage : this widow contracted so great a friendship for Miss Wryjaws, that she sent over to Ireland for her own brother, Sir Patrick M'Bull, to come and help

her to dispose of the odious title of old maid ; and when I saw them, the treaty of marriage was pretty far advanced ; neither her crooked chin, nor her back, which was so civil as to keep her chin in countenance, being any objection to our good-natured Irishman.

I was paid to this Mrs. Coppernose the very day that all these agreeable people met at her house : the conversation at first was general ; at last it turned on drinking. “ By Jassus,” says Sir Patrick, “ we never mind in my country, if a man drinks till he can’t stand, let him but take care to walk soberly home : but to see a drunken man reel in the streets, is very beastly.”—“ Would it not be more so, to see a sober man

“man reel?” says Mrs. Shortpint.
 “No, by Jafus,” replies my friend
 Teague :—“but you are out there,
 “dear joy ; for a sober man may get
 “drunk two or three times a day,
 “and nobody take any notice of it.”

I was really as much pleased with
 the Boglander’s speech as his figure :
 he had a true potatoe face, as round
 as a hoop, and as flat as a trencher,
 on which nature, who is uniform in
 all her works, had clap’d the nose of
 a Dutch mastiff.—As he was just
 caught in the woods, and came over
 before they had time to cut his tail
 off, you need not wonder that he
 wore a rare long one. On his arrival
 in town, his sister had taken him to
 Monmouth-street, and fitted him
 with an embroidered jacket ; I would
 have called it a coat, if it had reach-

ed half way down his thighs ; but, as it did not, it must be contented with the name of jacket : but his sister, the widow, chose it, because it shewed his fine thick legs and thighs to great advantage :—her idea of beauty consisting in thickness. Her husband, the captain, before he went to the Ethiopian wars, had presented her with a red petticoat, hooped round the edge with a gold lace ; this was converted into a laced waistcoat for Sir Patrick : there was likewise enough to spare for three quarters of a pair of breeches, which an honest countryman, by clapping in a dozen pieces of cabbage behind, made into a complete pair.—Had Sir Patrick been an Englishman, or learn'd the filthy English trick, of taking up his coat-skirts, and roasting his backside against

against the fire, the breeches would not have been the thing ; but a good coal fire was so great a rarity to him, there was no fear of his turning his tail to it.

As it was necessary for Sir Patrick to bring his courtship to a conclusion, before the breeches were worn out, his sister not having another petticoat to make a second pair, he took care to stick exceeding close to Miss Wryjaws, and, by a happy knack which he brought over with him, complimented her in the very words an Englishman would make use of to abuse her if she understood irony ; for, if you spoke of any lady's fine eyes, he would say, " By Jafus, my dear, Miss Wryjaws, they are no more to be compared to yours, than an Eng-

“ lish turnip is to a fine Irish potatoe.” Now he should have avoided touching her eyes, as much as her wry-chin, hump-back, or wide-mouth ; for the eyes of a pig, not seven days old, were full moons, compared to our Venus’s ; and her pretty little sparrow-mouth, only reached from ear to ear : her chin would have hit against her breast, had not the tip end of it taken a sudden turn to the east, and her back seemed as if it wanted to look over her head, to spy what was doing in front ; yet did this blundering Teaguelander never commend any part about her, but one of these obvious imperfections. Now she really had a fine hand and arm, and good teeth, and a very pretty foot ; an Englishman, therefore, would have thought it sufficient to dwell on those
 real

real beauties, which, as a woman of sense, she must know belonged to her, and he need not blush to repeat : —I say an Englishman would have done so, and have lost her by it, because he would only have told her what she knew before ; but Teague finding such beauties in her eyes, lips, and shape, as her utmost vanity had never before suggested, and swearing so plump to it, she readily gave him credit ; and it made him so great a favourite, that I don't doubt but he is now in possession of the lady, and, at least, half a dozen pair of breeches into the bargain : and I hope he has had the gratitude to give his sister a good reward, for sparing her laced petticoat, at a time when it would have been very useful to have kept her own legs warm.

But, to return to my widow :

As they never played at quadrille till after tea, there was always an hour's edifying conversation before the hot suppers came, which either turned on what they had seen that day, or what they had done in their late husband's time ; and there was not one of them, but what had the flourish of a half-cry, whenever their poor dear departed spouse was mentioned, which never hindered their joining in a hearty laugh, the very moment after.

Whilst they were expatiating on the trouble each of them had gone through, occasioned by their apprentices and journeymen, and how happy they were in getting quit of all such
varmants

varmants. The widow Flanagrannelle-gan, who had no apprentices or journeymen to talk about, yet did not care to have her tongue lay still, bawled out to Sir Patrick, who was on the other side of the room, close to Miss Wryjaws : “ Brother ! ” says she, “ did you call on Mr. Ballarganaggy ; and press him to set a time to pay me the five hundred, that has been so long due ? ”

“ Arrah, by Jasus, but I did call on him, my dear sister.”

“ And what did he say ? ”

“ He said he could say no more than what he said before.”

“ And do you remember, brother, what he said before ? ”

“ By Jasus do I, every syllable, for he said nothing at all.”

Here

Here Mrs. Coppernose, impatient to set her own larum a-going, interrupted this edifying dialogue ; for which I wished her tongue was a piece of cheese, and a hungry Welshman biting at it ; because I should soon have learnt from Sir Patrick, what the man said, when he said nothing at all. But madam's tongue had begun, and there was no stopping it.

“ Pray, ladies,” says she, “ have you been at the expedition in Spring-gardens, or the royal kracca-demmy in Pell-mell.”

The general answer was, No, not yet.

“ But I was this morning,” rejoins Mrs. Coppernose, “ and saw the finest library of pictures I ever set my eyes

“ eyes on : there was scriptural sto-
 “ ries, and stories out of poetry
 “ books ; there was Lot and his two
 “ daughters, all as big as me : but
 “ what pleased me most was Dinah,
 “ and all her maids washing ; — I
 “ wanted much to know who this
 “ Dinah was, because I thought I heard
 “ a great lord, with a star on his coat,
 “ say something about her being a-
 “ kin to the man in the moon.”

“ Ma’am,” says Mrs. Remnant,
 the taylor’s relict, “ I believe I can
 “ help to piece out this story for
 “ you : luckily this Dinah was my
 “ washer-woman ; she washed for us
 “ above four years, before I lost as
 “ good a man as ever worked at a
 “ woman’s jacket ; for he was a wo-
 “ man’s taylor as well as a man’s.—

“ I

" I remember, as to be sure I shall never
 " forget it while I lives in this world,
 " it was the year he was made church-
 " warden, and that very day he bought
 " me this eggs-stone-ring*. " Nelly,"
 " says he, " you are now wife to a man
 " of consequence, and I am resolved
 " you shall stand at the washing-tub
 " no longer ; and, as our fortnight's
 " wash was to be next day, he went
 " and fetched this Dinah himself, and
 " I gave her, I remember, three
 " shirts of my husband's, and two
 " shifts of my own, for I was the re-
 " markablest neatest woman in the
 " neighbourhood, and seldom missed
 " putting on a clean shift every Sun-
 " day morning, unless it was a new
 " one, and then it would last a fort-
 " night ; for new linen, you know,
 " Ma'am,

* The author guesses Madam Remnant
 meant an onyx-ring.

“ Ma’am, does not dirty so fast as
 “ old ; and I assure you Dinah gave
 “ great content, for she brought
 “ them home as well done, as if I
 “ washed them myself, and no wo-
 “ man in the parish had a better hand
 “ at a lather than I had, though I say
 “ it myself.—Now this Dinah’s hus-
 “ band kept the sign of the Moon, a
 “ pot-house, at the corner of Clerk-
 “ enwell-green, and that made the
 “ gentleman talk of the moon ; but,
 “ to my knowledge, she never had
 “ more than one maid at a time ; so I
 “ can’t think how so many maids got
 “ into the picture, or how the limner
 “ came to draw her at all ; for, al-
 “ though she was reckoned a very
 “ comely woman, yet all our jour-
 “ neymen used to say, she was not to
 “ be compared to Madam Remnant,
 “ not even on a Sunday, when I
 “ have

“ have often seen her at White Con-
 “ duit-house, with a very good silk
 “ gown on, and, to give her her due,
 “ she looked exceeding well, but
 “ that did not hinder other folks from
 “ looking better.”

C H A P. XIX,

Edifying conversation continued.

“ **M**A’AM,” says Mrs. Copper-
 nose, bridling up her dou-
 ble chin, which shone as if the day be-
 fore it had been new burnished, “ you
 “ mistake me quite Ma’am ; this
 “ Dinah was no body’s washer-wo-
 “ man, but a gentlewoman : she and
 “ her maids were washing in some of
 “ your noted washing-places, such as
 “ Peerless-

“ Peerless-Pool, or the Dog and
 “ Duck, and a poor young man, that
 “ either belonged to Ackton parish,
 “ or his name was Ackton, came that
 “ way a-hunting, and by chance
 “ espied them all in *puribus talibus* (as
 “ the men call it), which is, I believe,
 “ as stark naked as they were born,
 “ which vexed this Dinah so, that she
 “ threw a handful of water in his
 “ face, and turned him into a hare,
 “ and then set his own dogs after him
 “ to eat him up.”

“ May I never drink another glass
 “ of neat port, if I don’t think he
 “ paid excessive dear, for only peep-
 “ ing,” says Mrs. Shortpint.—”

“ The devil burn me,” says Sir
 Patrick, “ if I don’t believe they
 “ made him pay so dear, because he
 “ did

“ did nothing, but peep with his
“ eyes.”

“ He could not peep with any
“ thing else,” says Mrs. Shortpint,
“ unless the man had eyes in his fin-
“ ger ends.”

“ Aye, and by Jafus,” says Sir
Patrick, “ one of my country-
“ men would have been after peeping
“ with his finger-ends too; but this
“ was some poor shame-fac’d English-
“ man, that never thinks he is acquaint-
“ ed with a woman, unless he has seen
“ her before.”

“ Indeed,” says Miss Wryjaws,
“ the poor man paid very severely for
“ peeping; but who can wonder at
“ it, because this Dinah must have
“ been an old witch; and witches have
“ three

“ three paps, one to suckle the devil
 “ with ; it was, therefore, no won-
 “ der she was angry that this young
 “ man had seen her naked.”

“ Ladies,” says Mrs Flambeau,
 “ I find I must be forced to explain
 “ this story to you :—when I was a
 “ young wife, we luckily let our first
 “ floor to a clergyman, and he used
 “ to take great pains with me : for
 “ my husband, poor dear man, had
 “ too much business on his hands, to
 “ mind his wife’s concerns much ;
 “ but this good young man stuck ve-
 “ ry close to me, and used to read to
 “ me, and shew me any thing he
 “ thought would please me.—I re-
 “ member he read that very story, as
 “ how that Dinah was a heathen god ;
 “ and, when she was in the sky, she
 “ was a moon, or a half moon, just as
 ‘ VOL. IV. M “ the

" the fancy took her; and when she was
 " in the country, she was a pretty
 " woman : now as she and her nimp
 " were dabling themselves in the wa-
 " ter, this poor Acton, for Acton was
 " his name, though he was not of
 " Acton parish, did unluckily come
 " by, and, seeing her naked, put her
 " in such a passion, that she turned
 " him, as I remember, into a buck,
 " and set horns upon his head ; and
 " that is the short and the long of the
 " story."

" Ma'am," says Mrs. Shortpint,
 " how could she set horns upon his
 " head, unless she had married him
 " first; and then, indeed, the matter
 " is not difficult."

" No more it is," says Sir Patrick,
 " for I have known several young
 cratures

“ cratures do that, before they knew
 “ how to count one pound two and
 “ nine pence change for a guinea.”

“ For my part,” says Madam Val-
 lon, “ be this Mrs. Dinah a God or
 “ a devil, I say it, and will say it
 “ again, it was a barbarous trick; tho’
 “ I hope it was only a poetry made sto-
 “ ry, but, if it is true, it must have
 “ been before Christianity came in
 “ fashion: no good Christian, I am
 “ sure, could be angry with a poor
 “ young man, for only peeping at
 “ what he could neither mend nor
 “ mar; and I don’t hear that the poor
 “ thing did any thing but peep; be-
 “ sides, if you come to that, what
 “ business had they to be stark naked;
 “ they must have been nothing but
 “ dirty cinder-wenches, instead of

“ gods, to want scrubbing from head
 “ to foot; but they were all heathens,
 “ and so no better could be expected
 “ from them: they had not learnt
 “ the great Christian virtue of forget
 “ and forgive; a true Christian ought
 “ to forgive a young man, if he had
 “ ravished her; provided he could
 “ prove he had no malice before
 “ hand.—But this is a cruel subject,
 “ and so pray, Ma’am, let us hear
 “ what you saw besides.”

“ Ma’am,” says Mrs. Coppernose,
 “ I saw a pordigious croud of pic-
 “ tures; but none pleased me so
 “ much as Sampson and Doll Lal-
 “ ley: I never saw a man with such a
 “ back in my life; the story, they
 “ say, is some where in the Bible;
 “ but I never had time to get into the
 “ story-telling parts of that good
 book :

“ book ; I used to read a little in the
 “ godly part, where Abraham begot
 “ Isaac, and Isaac begot Jacob, and
 “ so on, which, to be sure, is very
 “ Christian-like business, and answer-
 “ ing the end of our creation. How
 “ can good Christians employ their
 “ time better, than in filling the
 “ world full of good Christians ?”

“ But Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,”
 says Mrs. Shortpint, “ were no Chris-
 “ tians ; they were Jews, Ma’am.”

“ Jews ! I love you dearly for that,”
 says Mrs. Coppernose. “ Pray did
 “ you ever read, that Abraham, Isaac,
 “ or Jacob, ever sold a black-lead
 “ pencil, or a roll of hard pomatum,
 “ or a pair of sleeve buttons in their
 “ lives : then, pray, how could they
 “ be Jews. But about this huffey,

" this Doll Lalley, altho'f she had
 " the strongest man in the world all
 " to herself, yet I heard 'a gentleman
 " say the whore (God forgive me for
 " calling names, because it has been
 " many an honest woman's misfor-
 " tune) could not help betraying
 " him, (as our whores do their rogues
 " now-a-days to Justice F——,)
 " but Fortune, who was his friend,
 " the gentleman said, for all he
 " kept this whore, lent him so much
 " strength, that he pulled an old
 " house over his enemies heads, and
 " killed 'em all; and I hope that de-
 " ceitful jade, that Dolley Lalley,
 " was in the thick of them."

" By Jafus," says Sir Patrick, " I
 " wish I understood Latin, that I
 " might read some of the merry sto-
 " ries in that same Bible."

" Latin !"

“ Latin ! ” says Miss Wryjaws :—
 “ Dear Sir Patrick, all our Bibles are
 “ in English.”

“ And, my dear Miss Wryjaws,” says
 Sir Patrick, “ we have English Bibles
 “ enough in Ireland ; but our priests
 “ my cousin Phelim O’ Lackshame says,
 “ that the English Bibles were made
 “ for heretics, to ride to the devil
 “ upon ; now in my cousin O’ Lack-
 “ shame’s Latin Bible, I don’t believe
 “ there is a single whore.” “ Yes,”
 says Mrs. Shortpint, “ but there is ;
 “ for the wisest king in the world,
 “ king Solomon, was so led astray
 “ by them, that he was in danger of
 “ losing his precious soul.”

“ Arrah,” says Sir Patrick, “ and
 “ I remember twenty of my own
 “ countrymen, that lost their bodies
 “ by them ; for they all said, in their last
 “ dying speeches they made after they

“ were hang’d, that whores brought
“ them to the gallows.”

“ You are right,” says Mrs. Shortpint, (who was a sort of a wag,)
“ and I have heard several of our customers say, that in all ages, good
“ men, as well as bad, have been led
“ astray by harlots : but now, that
“ we are upon this subject,” adds she,
(turning to Mrs. Flambeau,) “ pray,
“ what is become of your niece,
“ Ma’am ; she was a very great reader,
“ and could have explained all
“ these matters to us ; for, they say,
“ she has read all sorts and sizes of
“ books.”

“ The girl was well enough, Ma’am,
“ for that matter,” says Mrs. Flambeau : “ but, for all her reading, she
“ knew very little of the * Burn Tom.”

Burn

* We suppose Mrs. Shortpint meant *bon ton*.

“ Burn Tom,” says Sir Patrick,
 “ pray, Mrs. Flambeau, what coun-
 “ tryman was that Mr. Burn Tom ?”

“ Sir,” says Mrs. Flambeau, “ it is
 “ only a quality word for fashionable
 “ things ; such as Crumwell’s gar-
 “ dens, White Cundit-house, Rene-
 “ low, and Foxhall ; but, as I was
 “ saying, Ma’am, the girl knows so
 “ little of high life, that I was back-
 “ ward in seducing her into good
 “ company.—What, indeed, discom-
 “ frouzled her so much, as to make
 “ her leave me so parcipatate, I can-
 “ not reprehend :—at my house she
 “ had always free egrits and regrits,
 “ and she devartized herself, without
 “ any inolment from me, and had
 “ her victalls free gracious for no-
 “ thing ; but too much fermelality
 “ breeds constriife”——Here she was
 interrupted

interrupted by Miss Wryjaws, who, in a dismal tone, roared out, "O my dog! my dear dog! what is become of my dog!"

"By Jafus, my dear Miss Wryjaws," says Sir Patrick, "if he is not here, he must be gone somewhere else."

Mrs. Remnant said, "She believed he was gone into the street."

"O, by Jafus!" says Sir Patrick, "make yourself aisy, my dear shole, for I will be after looking for him; and, if I can but find him, I shall see him, you may depend on't."

Away went Sir Patrick, and, in about half an hour, returned in such a sweat, that he smok'd like a roasted potatoe just cut open.

“ What news, dear Sir Patrick ?”
says Miss Wryjaws.

“ By Jafus, my dear Madam, I
“ have been after looking for your
“ dog all this time, but could never
“ set eyes on him, till he was quite
“ out of sight.”

“ But have you seen any thing of
“ him since ?”

“ By Jafus have I, my dear Miss.”

“ What have you seen, dear Sir
“ Patrick ?”

“ What I am very sorry to tell you,
“ Miss Wryjaws, because you love
“ the dog ; but I plainly see, that he
“ is run away.”

At that instant the maid came in,
and said, she saw a man run after the
dog, and take him up, and put him
into a cart.

“ O

“ O heavens !” says Miss Wry-jaws, “ what shall I do for my fer-
“ vant to run after the cart ?”

“ I will run after him my own
“ dear self,” says Sir Patrick ; “ I
“ shall soon overtake him ; for I can
“ walk as fast as two carts.”

It luckily happened, that Mrs. Coppernose’s footman just then came in, and he was ordered to run after the cart : he overtook it, as soon as Sir Patrick would two carts, and brought word back, that the maid did not know a pig from a dog.

“ In what country can this maid
“ be born, where their pigs are so
“ like their dogs,” says Sir Patrick.
“ By Jafus I never saw a pig in my
“ life, but I knew it was not a dog,
“ and

“and I never saw a dog in my life,
 “but I knew it was not a pig.—
 “Pray, what countryman can this
 “maid be?”

Mrs. Coppernose said, she would ring for Mr. Thomas, to explain the matter ; but, he having lived before with a lady of high quality, had always been used to deliver his answer in few words, as a hint to people of fashion was sufficient ; and indeed, she commonly understood him at once, but she owned she was a little disembarassed now.

Mr. Thomas’s explanation was, that a roasting pig, of which there were half a dozen in the cart, had given the carter the slip, and he had caught his pig again close by the door, which the maid mistook for a dog.

On this Miss Wryjaws dropped down like a lump of lead ; but she had so much regard for her rump, as to take care to have the settee ready to receive her ; and, though she could neither look paler, nor grin worse than she naturally did when she laughed, to make them believe she was going into a fit ; yet she trembled so, that it served our Hibernian for a good excuse to clasp her mighty close, which he seemed to do very cordially ; and, for fear he should give over too soon, the more he clasped, the more she trembled ; in short, he clasped her so warmly, that she took a resolution at that critical moment, to comfort herself for the loss of her Dutch pug, by taking this Irish hound ; and I have reason to believe, the marriage was consum-

consummated the very next morning.

C H A P. XX.

*Queer medleys, as well as queer folks, in
London.*

MR^S. Copperfides paid me the next day to her apothecary; not the little brandisher of clyster-pipes, but a comely jolly man, with a face as round as the full moon: he was a member of the Meeting for the Encouragement of A— and S—, to which Meeting he carried me that very evening.

The moment we entered the room, a strange figure arose slowly from his seat; at first I thought we were come to see the outlandish giant; and that,

as

as all the giants do, he would keep rising till his head was very near the ceiling ; but, on looking up to the top of the room, I retracted that thought ; especially when I perceived he stopped after he had advanced his crown about six foot two inches ; I then waited with patience, as I always do, when I can't help it, to find out by degrees what this strange mixture were about, and was soon informed it was a Meeting of {A— and S— members ; and on cool deliberation, the meeting itself was the finest dissertation on arts and sciences that the imagination of man could exhibit ; for it explained to a thinking creature, at first glance, how many arts and sciences Providence must have at command, to form such a group.

But to the moving figure :

As he had gotten, instead of the curl-less tye-wig I saw him in before, a major with two curls at least on it ; and, instead of the rusty black coat, a thread-bare blue one, with gold button-holes, I did not hastily recollect my old friend, the knight of the woeful countenance ; but, by the motion of the corner of his coat-lap towards his nose, I quickly found him out : I mention towards his nose, because he recollected himself, that there was a great deal of good company, so stopped half way, and dexterously made the back of the other hand supply the place of his woollen handkerchief. He put me in mind of old Chalcas in Homer ; I would give you the passage, as translated by

VOL. IV.

N

Pope,

Pope, but his language is too sublime for the subject; you shall have it, therefore, from the doggrel translation, where the author has the assurance to say, he is nigher Homer's original design, than any translator whatever; and it may be so, for ought I know, or care either, for I shall make use of him, or Pope, or any other writer, just as they suit my purpose, and serve them, as they did their predecessors;—steal any thing that's worth stealing, and disguise it as well as I can:—

But, to my quotation.

“ When Chalcas ’rose ; a fine old
“ Greek,

“ And, in his place, began to speak,

“ But look’d about him with great cau-
“ tion,

“ Like * * * *, when he makes a mo-
“ tion ;

“ As

" As slow as clockwork, he arose,
 " Then, with his fingers, wip'd his
 " nose,
 " And rubb'd them dry upon his
 " cloaths."

To shew, that men were the same
 sort of men four thousand years ago
 that they are now, this very apparatus
 did the knight exhibit, before he
 began to speak, without, I believe,
 knowing, there ever might have been
 two such fellows in the world, as Ho-
 mer and Chalcas.

Before he had harrangued five mi-
 nutes, I found the intent of that
 meeting was, to decide which picture
 merited the first reward, &c. &c. The
 knight had gotten a great number of
 hard words, I fancy, out of the Paint-
 ers Dictionary, which I understood

no more than he himself, and two or three honest men close behind me did; but my attention to the knight's speech was quite taken off by their remarks. Observing that the knight, after bestowing his hard words (technical terms I think they call'd them) sparingly, on several of the pictures, clapt them all at the end of the sentence on one, which was the burthen of the song; "The drawer of that piece," says an old gentleman in a scarlet cloak, and a milk-white wig, with ten thousand curls in it, "is to gif
 "Sir Timoty fife and twenty *par*
 "cent. out of de premium, if he
 "getas it; but I vill tak-a my sacra-
 "ment, it is the vorst piece in de
 "collection." Sir Timothy was still going on, and was just then saying,
 "That the fine keeping of that piece
 I "alone,

“ alone, deserved ten such premi-
 “ ums.” “ Nay, as for that matter,”
 says a squab fellow, that look’d like
 a haberdasher of small wares, “ if fine
 “ keepingdeserves the permium, that
 “ there piece close to this here pil-
 “ low, to my knowledge, has been
 “ better kept than any picture
 “ amongst ’em, for it never has been
 “ out of the case since it was fram’d;
 “ therefore, I shall give my vote for
 “ it.”—Presently, the knight menti-
 oned the amazing softness of a parti-
 cular figure in his favourite piece :—
 “ That, knight,” says a linen draper,
 on the left hand of me, “ is nothing
 “ but lies.—I sold that piece of can-
 “ vas myself, and a harsher, harder
 “ piece I never handled; there is not a
 “ soft place in it as big as the end of my
 “ thumb; therefore, that figure, he is
 N 3 “ tell-

"telling such lies about, is as hard
 "as any of the rest.—I could like to
 "reach up to it to feel it, not but I
 "with the poor man succeeds with all
 "my heart, because he is in a strange
 "country, and the money will be of
 "great service to him; but the knight
 "tells such confounded lies, that he'll
 "do him more harm than good, if he
 "don't mind." As he finished this
 speech, the knight was desiring the
 company, to observe the uncommon
 expression in one of the other figures.
 On this the linen-draper grew angry
 in good earnest. "See there, now,"
 says he, to his neighbour, "Did not
 "I tell you he would elench it? did
 "you ever hear any thing like it? he
 "tells you one of the figures either
 "has been speaking, or can speak."
 "What signifies that," says the
 other;

other:—"Nobody minds what he
 " speaks: a man that would speak
 " with any weight, should first pay
 " his debts.—Few people mind what
 " a poor dog says now-a-days; but, for
 " my part, was king George to speak,
 " (and he can't be in debt, you are
 " sure,) I know which I should give
 " my vote for; so let them talk till
 " they are tired. When Sir Timothy
 " has done, Doctor Drybones will
 " get up; and when he hath done,
 " Sir Timothy will get up again:
 " but it signifies nothing; an Eng-
 " lishman has liberty to use his own
 " eyes, and any body can tell which
 " is a fine piece, and which is not,
 " if he is not blind." "True," says a
 third gentleman (who, by his full
 trimm'd suit, and no sword, I guessed
 was a noted taylor,) "my Lord
 " Doublet after recommended this here,

“ as a fine piece, though there is not
 “ a figure in it has a good coat on its
 “ back. I own, I could not help
 “ wondering at it, because my Lord
 “ is so good a judge in dress. Now
 “ this picture over against us, you
 “ may really call a fine piece, because
 “ every figure is as well dress’d, and as
 “ much in the mode, as if the paint-
 “ er had served his time to one of our
 “ trade : It is indeed a fine piece, and
 “ I shall not only give it my vote, but
 “ all my interest; and there are several
 “ gentlemen here, who won’t think
 “ proper to refuse so small a favour
 “ as their votes to me, because they
 “ are pretty deep in my books.”

By all that’s ridiculous under the
 fun, says I to myself, what a chance
 do these poor devils of real artists
 stand,

stand, to be judged by such judges as these ; what between Sir Timothy's hasty-pudding of words, glean'd from dissertations on painting, and applied with as much propriety as a piece of broken glass to a broken shin ; and what with every tradesman measuring their works by his own yard ; every nobleman, for want of judgment of his own, taking the no-judgment of his flatterer, or pimp ; and every gentleman judging, according to the best of his judgment, in an article wherein ninety-nine out of a hundred have no judgment at all ; what chance, I say, doth a poor devil of an artist stand ! I should, therefore, recommend to the gentleman of the brush and pencil, after their friends have made as many unintelligible speeches like Sir Timothy's as they think

think proper, to desire to cast lots for it, as the dice may possibly hit right, but, by the method adopted, it is impossible.

Whilst I was pondering what a chance real merit stood, when surrounded with such incomparable judges, and wondering why the painter of the Red Lyon at Brentford, and the finisher of the Green Dragon at Dunstable, had not put in their claim, (as to me, this affair seemed like a lawsuit, where it is only heads or tails, whether the best or worst gets it) I was in an instant surprised with an amazing noise, and looking about me, found it was a general uproar, two thirds of the company began to speak at once, and exhibited a better mental picture of the confusion of languages

ges at Babel, than any of their artists could put on canvas, or even frame an idea of : my honest round-fac'd apothecary, whose utmost scope of all the languages in the world, consisted in dog Latin enough to read a prescription ; and the few English words he used when he visited his patients ; such as, Well, how do you this morning ? let the answer be, better, Sir ; or, worse, Sir ; his reply was, Eh ! He next proceeded, Give me your hand : this, no doubt, my clear-sighted reader will understand was to feel the patient's pulse ; that operation being performed (with as much gravity as a round unmeaning face would admit,) finished as usual, with, Eh ! then he proceeded, How do you feel your head ? Moderate, says the patient ; Eh ! replies Belus then again ; Put out your tongue :

tongue: this he surveyed with a face of more meaning, if possible, than he felt the pulse with, and then pumped up the aspiration, Eh! out of rather a deeper cell in his stomach than the first two or three came from.

C H A P. XXI.

Bolus in continuation.

MR. Bolus—(you must excuse me; reader, I cannot consent to call a physical man, with so large a wig as our apothecary's, plain Mister any longer, it flattens my story; I, therefore, will call him doctor: if he has not the learning of a doctor, he smells more of physic than the best of them; and I have often known the very smell of
physic

physic do more good, than the recipes of all the M. D.'s and L. M.'s put together, though never half so much mischief.

—But, to return :

After the far-fetch'd aspiration, which always attends a reconnoitrement of the tongue, the doctor then says, Breathe hard : this operation is likewise attended with another aspiration from the same, or a neighbouring cell ; then he closes the whole examination with, Do you feel any pain now ? If the answer is Yes, he items down in his mind a bottle of chalk and water, tinctured red : if, No, then it is only the same, tinctured brown, with beef-tea, barley-water, &c. &c. as before, and away he goes. I believe I attended the doctor about
twenty

twenty visits in one day, where no physician prescribed, and he did not vary the three hundredth part of a syllable.

I only mention these particulars, that my reader may form an idea, how well this confusion of Babel could agree with a man of so few words as the doctor made use of, in a whole day's work ; no wonder, therefore, that he took himself away, and I was obliged to follow, I mean precede him ; for, being in his waistcoat pocket, had I followed, you all can plainly see, without my telling, he must have walked away a—— foremost.

C H A P. XXII.

Contains nothing extraordinary.

THE doctor, in his road home from this notable meeting, recollected he had a patient that had been ill about a fortnight before ; therefore, he might as well call with an, How do you, to take the chance of a relapse.—Relapses are a great articles in an apothecary's books.—He found his quondam patient very well, which, he said, he was mighty glad to see : I believed him ; though I don't think his patient did (who proved to be the gentleman with the long nose and small eyes, that I had seen before at a coffee-house.) He gave the doctor such

such a sly significant look, on his saying, he was glad to find him well, that I could not help thinking, he doubted his sincerity; but, be that as it may, he insisted on the doctor's staying to smoke one pipe with him: Bolus (who had nothing to do before he went to bed, but to see if his bottles of chalk-water and lemon-juice mixt, were all booked with the proper hard names to them,) consented to stay an hour;—I had like to have said, chat an hour, but that, I believe, he never did in his life; take from him his string of questions to his patients, and his conversation consisted (like the primitive Christians) in, Yea, yea, and, Nay, nay; but he handled a pipe well, and sucked in the smoke, and puffed it out again, with as consequential a face

as

as any chairman at a quarter sessions could put on for the life of him. Mr. Small-eyes took great pains to draw the doctor into a conversation, but he always answered, "There are exceptions to all general rules." "You are right, doctor," says Small-eyes, "and a particular instance of it is just now come into my head, viz. the general opinion of fat animals being superior to lean: whoever was hardy enough to deny, that a fat goose doth not much exceed a lean one?" "Nobody," says the doctor, biting two inches from the end of his pipe, for haste to get his words out—"or a fat pig's, or a fat calf's head?" "Nobody, nobody," says the doctor; "And yet," adds Small-eyes, "with what contempt do all mankind look on a fat-headed fellow."

Whether this side-wipe graz'd too near the doctor's left cheek, or what was the matter, I can't say, but, from that instant, he did not speak another word, but kept sucking, puffing, and spitting all the time he staid, with as much vehemence, as if he was qualifying himself to be fellow of a college,

Small-eyes seemed to take no manner of notice of it, but went on : " I
 " was one day," adds he, " menti-
 " oning this thing to my old friend
 " Tristram Shandy, into whose brain
 " as many unaccountable things
 " pop'd, as ever did into the scull of
 " any man living: we had, a little
 " before that, been discussing the po-
 " litical management of the rulers of
 " the land, and wishing they would
 " serve a regular apprenticeship to
 " their

“ their trade, before they set up for
 “ themselves, which would prevent
 “ them from being look’d on with
 “ such a contemptible eye, by their
 “ brother-tradesman in politics, sent
 “ from the different courts of Eu-
 “ rope, to deal with them in that
 “ branch of business. Tristram, in-
 “ stead of giving me any direct an-
 “ swer, fell into a deep reverie.”

After wrinkling his forehead, for
 near ten minutes (all which time it
 looked exactly like the butt-end of a
 pair of old bellows) and, stroking
 down his lanthorn-jaws, the skin of
 which rattled betwixt his finger and
 thumb, like a piece of shrivelled
 parchment, he began the next chap-
 ter.

C H A P. XXIII.

A short chapter.

“ **I** HAVE observed,” says Tristram (still preserving his lucubratic attitude,) “ and it is an observation you must have made, if you are capable of making any observations at all, that although the flesh of a fat calf’s head eats a thousand degrees better than the flesh of a lean one, yet the brains of the lean animal have by far the highest flavour, because the fat of the well fed brute, mixing with the brains, gives them such an insipid smoothness, that, to a discerning pallet, they are even disgusting.”

“ing. This, my friend,” says he,
 “partly accounts for your excep-
 “tion; for if fat renders brains so
 “insipid to the taste, it must render
 “the productions of those brains as
 “insipid to the other senses; for
 “which reason, if I was a king, I
 “should be very cautious how I
 “meddled with fat brains at any
 “rate; for nothing is so likely to
 “bring both himself, and every bo-
 “dy concerned with him, into
 “scrapes, as a fat-headed fellow: Ju-
 “lius Cæsar lik’d such mortals, be-
 “cause he knew that the oily parts
 “of the fat, which always swim on
 “the top of the brains, would keep
 “thought from ascending to the sur-
 “face; he hated your lean brain’d
 “fellows for the same reason, be-
 “cause he knew they would think,

“ and, of consequence, think he was
 “ a sad dog, with a bad title.

“ I like not that spare Cæsius.

“ Now a man with half an eye, un-
 “ less that half eye has been under the
 “ hands of an advertising oculist, may
 “ easily see wondrous meaning in
 “ those six words.

“ But my Cæsar,” says Tristram,
 “ who is one of the best of kings, as
 “ well as one of the best of men, has
 “ no occasion to fear that the devil
 “ himself, in the shape of either a fat
 “ or lean brain’d fellow, can think
 “ any ill of him : he may, therefore,
 “ without scruple, employ the heads
 “ that are most capable of serving
 “ him; for, if all mankind are rogues,
 “ as a charitable divine once hinted in
 “ a sermon he had reason to fear they
 “ naturally

" naturally were, a sensible rogue
 " ought surely to have the prefe-
 " rence; he will do service to his
 " master, because his sense dic-
 " tates to him, it is the only way of
 " doing solid good to himself; but
 " a fellow that is fool, as well as
 " knave, will sell his king and coun-
 " try, without being able to foresee,
 " that he himself will be looked up-
 " on by the purchaser, as one of the
 " most contemptible articles in the
 " whole purchase, and be used ac-
 " cordingly."

" Pray, Mr. Shandy," says I, " how
 " came calves heads and courtiers heads
 " to club their brains so lovingly toge-
 " ther in your pericranium ?"

" Because, says he," carelessly, " of
 " late I have gotten a trick, of never
 " thinking of one without the other."

The

The moment Small-eyes had finished this story, the doctor knocked the ashes out of his pipe into his three-square spitting-box, took his hat and cane, and walked out, with as wise a face as he went in.

What construction this vender of harmless no-drugs put upon the story of fat and lean brains, I never could learn ; I am, therefore, as much in the dark as to that point, as any of my readers : I did not, indeed, stay with him long ; but, if I had kept him company seven years, I am convinced I never should have had my curiosity satisfied.

Did not you, says a mild-spoken gentleman, with one stiff-top'd glove on, and the other hanging between his fingers, tell us you had
been

been in the hands of the three managers of the three playhouses; but you would digest their anecdotes well, before you gave 'em to the public, which would be in your third and fourth volumes? yet you are come to a conclusion, without a word about them:—How can you reconcile your breach of promise to the honour of an author?

Because you ask so much like a gentleman, my dear Sir, I'll condescend to tell you.

To the honour of an author, I cannot well answer it; but to the honour of a great man, I can; and, at present, I am a great man, and claim the privilege of breaking my promise, or keeping it, just as I please.—Are you answered, Sir?

But,

But, because you are a very civil gentleman, I'll explain the whole matter to you.

That the anecdotes of these gentlemen might be well digested, I unadvisedly swallowed them, without thinking they would prove such a hard morsel to digest, as they actually do; for in my guts have they been rumbling ever since; and, although every ten days at least, by the grumbling of my bowels, I expect they are coming forth, yet the duce a single hint has stirred: I must be forced to physic 'em out at last.

You had better, my dear Sir, replies the smooth-spoken gentleman, let them stay where they are, than produce them to the public, after such a kind of digestion; because, although perhaps, they won't smell of the lamp,
yet,

yet, in spite of all the perfumes you can throw upon them, they must smell confounded rank.

Sir, says I, you don't seem to understand, that the actions of some men can never smell rank, let them be conveyed to the nose through ever so foul a channel; whilst the actions of others can never be sweetened by all the perfumes of Arabia.

A good heart, my friend, like a certain drug which conveys the sweetness of the violet even into urine, gives such a flavour to the most unguarded action of the possessor's life, that even the distant smell of rank roguery, which I know is what you mean by the word *rank*, cannot be pos'd out by the most envious snout that ever was set on human face; that one such

man is to be found amongst them, I am convinced, and more, I hope; for which reason you shall, in my fifth and sixth volumes, have every occurrence that happened to each of those gentlemen, whilst I was in their possession.—I promise you this, on the honour of a great man, (which I am at present,) or, if that won't satisfy you, on the word of a poor author, which I probably may be, before I begin the task.

Sir, replies the smooth-tongued gentleman, I am glad you mention'd your being a great man, because that accounts for the dullness and incorrectness of these two volumes.

Pox take your smooth tongue, says I, why could not you let my readers find that out for themselves?

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

AL
H
WH

11

11



